

The Sketch

No. 1336.—Vol. CIII.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1918.

ONE SHILLING.



A WIGGLE - WADDLER IN "SHANGHAI": MISS JOAN HAY AS CONSTANCE KEYS.

Miss Hay plays an American authoress on tour in the new Spectacular Operette at Drury Lane, and, incidentally, dances the Wiggle-Waddle—music by Howard Carr. She is seen wearing—here follows official descrip-

tion—"White silk gown; with black transparent bodice, embroidered beads, with touches of orchid at waist. Turban of blue-and-silver tissue. Cloak made of white panne velvet, trimmed black and green."

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.



BY KEBLE HOWARD ("Chicot.")

MILITARY NOTES.

(From Our Special Military Correspondent.)

THE time has come for plain speaking. I am quite tired, and I am sure your readers must also be tired, of beating about the bush. I am sick to death of guarded phrases, and stilted sentences, and timid peeps into the future. I want to take the muzzle off and talk as man to man.

Straight from the shoulder, then, I don't see what the Hun is going to do about it. We are hitting him where we like and as we like. We are pulling his nose, and punching him in the ribs, and boxing his ears, and kicking him from behind.

And we are doing this with "tired" troops. All the world knows how many Americans are actually in the fighting. It is the poor, weary, dispirited, jaded, faded, moth-eaten British and French troops who are man-handling the Hun, for the most part.

The Americans will soon start in volume. They will soon be at him by the million. They are fresh, and eager, and remarkably well fed. There are millions of them spoiling to get at the Hun. However fast the Hun may run, they will overtake him. And they will be excited when they catch him. They will yell "Lusitania!" and hit him quite hard. Over and over again.

I repeat, therefore—what is the Hun going to do about it? If he likes being killed by the thousand as he scoots, well and good. If he doesn't—but that is a matter for your Diplomatic Correspondent.

DIPLOMATIC NOTES.

(From Our Special Diplomatic Correspondent.)

The Hun is always and for ever complaining that we do not formulate our peace terms. The fact is that we are sick to death of formulating peace terms. We have been gentle, and courteous, and diplomatic, and even yielding. The time has now come to speak plainly with our brother Hun.

Mister Hun, you are beaten. You are beaten to a frazzle, Mister Hun. The game, to be precise, is up. The fighting is not over, because you will kick and spit, especially spit, all the way back to the Rhine. But you are damned well beaten, and you know it.

These are our peace terms. You will, first of all, clear out of places that don't belong to you. Thick-skinned as you are, still you must have gathered, vaguely, that you are not wanted in France, Belgium, or Russia. You will get out. That is the first thing.

You will also clear up after you. You have made a great mess and broken a lot of valuable things. These you cannot mend or replace, but the value of them will be stopped out of your wages. Where you can mend, you will mend. You will more especially mend the cottages of the Belgians and the French. You will see to it that the poor people in those countries have homes to live in. You will work very hard at this, and you will not stop until the job is nicely finished.

You will hand over the forbidden contents of your pockets, such as pop-guns and pocket-knives. You have shown us that you are not to be trusted with pop-guns and pocket-knives. You are a

naughty boy, and naughty boys are not allowed to carry such dangerous things in their pockets. You said you only wanted them because other boys had them, and we believed you. You said you would never dream of injuring your little brother with them, and we believed you. Then you set about your little brother, and mauled him very cruelly. So we intend to take away these pop-guns and pocket-knives, and never let you have them any more. Thus your little brother will be safe.

You will probably complain that your little brother will take advantage of your defenceless condition to be cruel to you. That is all rubbish. In the first place, he is a nice child, with a nice disposition, and anxious only to play by himself. However, should he show any indication of naughty feeling, we will see to it that he does not hurt you.

For that you must take our word. It is the only guarantee you will get. Our word still holds good, and your word does not. Nobody will ever believe you again, for that is the punishment of the confirmed liar. But we are believed, and we have proved that we are worthy of being believed. So you will join in that universal belief.

These trifles accomplished, you are free to do your work, and play your play in your own way. We don't want to keep you sulking in the corner. We are not bullies. We do not triumph over the repentant. You can come down to dinner, but you must come down with clean hands and nicely brushed hair.

Those are our peace terms, little Mister Hun. Now you know.

NAVAL NOTES.

(From Our Special Naval Correspondent.)

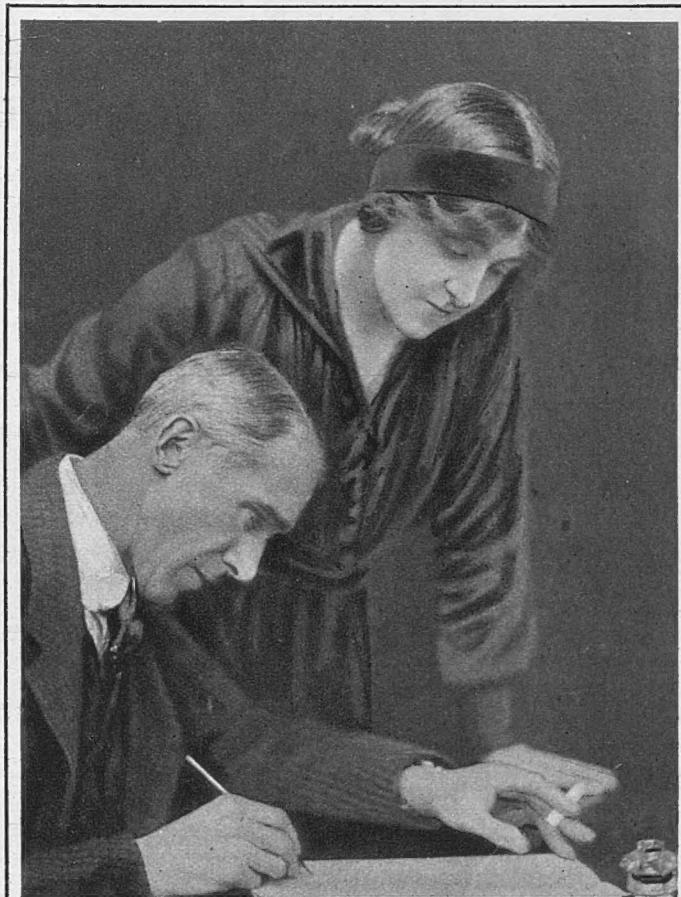
There is nothing new to report in the naval situation. There never has been since the first few jolly days when we cleared the seas of the pestiferous Hun. We are perfectly ready for a scrap, at any time and at any place. We are not defiant. It is not our place to be defiant. A policeman is not defiant when he looks at his prisoner through the door of the cell.

But we are a bit more sporting than a policeman. We are willing to take the handcuffs off

the prisoner, and let him do his worst. This is not very brave of us, because the prisoner has no chance. All the same, if he thinks he has a chance, he can make the most of it. We will give him a run for his money.

As for the submarine, there are still some about. They are nasty little things. They can sting and they do sting. So do wasps. The world has been going along for a good many years, and we are still plagued with wasps. But we don't let the wasp get the upper hand. We deal with him in quite large numbers. We take his nests, or we bottle them up. We kill a lot as they pass. Wasps might spoil the summer if they had free play, but who ever heard of people leaving the country because of wasps? They are a bit of a nuisance, but the nuisance gets less as our methods get more scientific. The life of a wasp in a civilised community is not very comfortable. He will eventually go out of business.

No. There is nothing new to report.



THE OFFICIAL HISTORIAN OF THE WAR—AND HIS WIFE:

MR. AND THE HON. MRS. JOHN FORTESCUE.

Mr. John Fortescue, Librarian to the King since 1905, and official historian of the present war, is well known also as the author of "A History of the Army," and for the lectures he has given all over England upon the glorious deeds of the Army in the past.—[Camera-Portrait by E. O. Hoppé.]

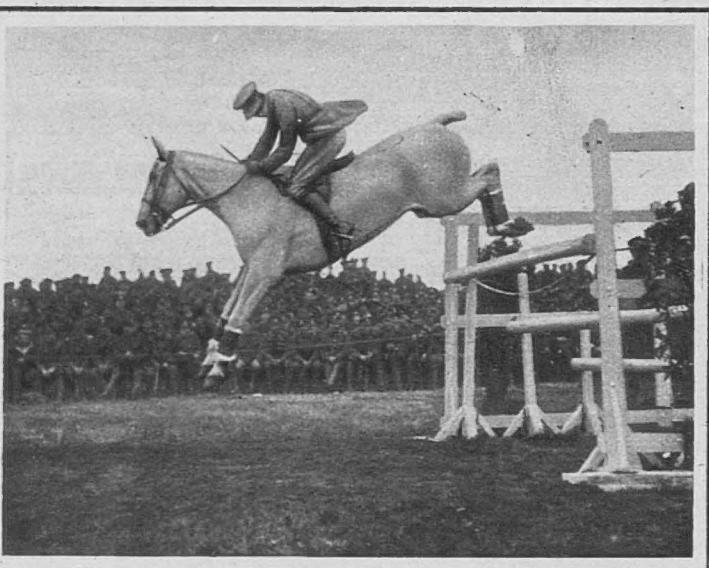
UNDER THE BLUE CROSS : THE ALDERSHOT HORSE SHOW.



THE JUDGING OF THE GUN-TEAMS : A GENERAL VIEW OF THE SHOW GROUND AT ALDERSHOT.



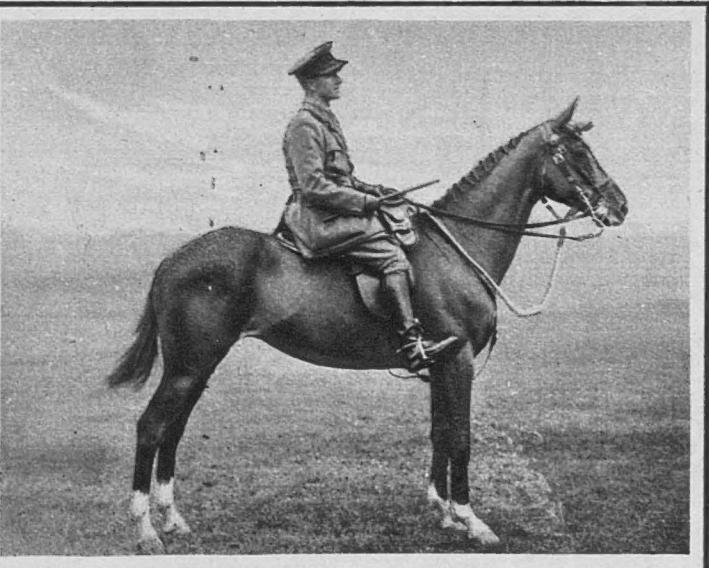
WINNER IN THE OFFICERS' TURN-OUT CLASS : CAPTAIN W. K. TOWNSON'S PETER PAN, DRIVEN BY MRS. COOPER.



WON BY CAPTAIN D. D. BULGER, A.S.C. : A COMPETITOR IN THE OFFICERS' JUMPING CONTEST.

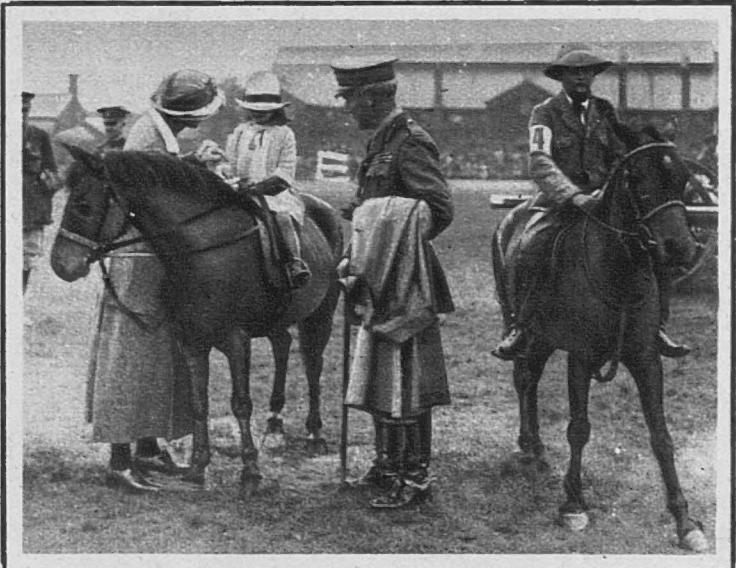


WON BY THE RESERVE DRAGOONS : A COMPETITOR IN THE CLASS FOR JUMPING SECTIONS OF 4 N.C.O.'S OR MEN.



WINNER OF THE OFFICERS' LIGHT-WEIGHT CHARGERS : CAPTAIN H. B. JAMESON, RESERVE HUSSARS, ON LADY DAINTY.

The Aldershot Command Horse Show, held last Wednesday at the Athletic Ground in Queen's Avenue, in aid of the Blue Cross Fund for Horses in War-Time, was such a success that it is hoped to make it a permanent annual fixture. Lieutenant-General Sir Archibald Murray, the G.O.C.-in-C.,



THE G.O.C.-IN-C. (PRESIDENT OF THE SHOW) : SIR ARCHIBALD MURRAY, WITH PRIZE-WINNERS IN THE CHILDREN'S PONY CLASS.

was President, and many other distinguished officers attended it. In the lower right-hand photograph General Murray is seen talking to Miss Leila Watson (on Sally), who took second prize in the Children's Pony Class. To the right is the winner of the first prize, Master E. S. Millar, on Hercules.



A Visitor in London!

Apart from the splendid war news, things are so quiet in London now that the slightest diversion causes a flutter of excitement. As a

rule, the autumn season is relieved for those unhappy souls who are kept prisoners in town by a series of annual entertainments. This year all these are lacking. We cannot even go and stare our fill at the industrious and methodical labourers who spend the greater portion of every August—and much September—in tearing up Piccadilly. And there is no correspondence in the papers on such subjects as: "Is Marriage Needful?" or "Why Girls Love," to relieve the tedium of our days; so when any personage of importance visits our solitary retreats we rejoice. I confess that I felt quite a thrill of excitement myself when a Danish friend told me one afternoon that Prince Axel of Denmark had descended upon London the previous morning. In ordinary times this would have been ordinary news, but in the autumn season it was an event.



A PADRE DECIDES TO FIGHT: THE REV. F. DOWLAND RYAN, M.C., A CHAPLAIN WHO HAS JOINED KING EDWARD'S HORSE.

Photograph by Farringdon Photo. Co.

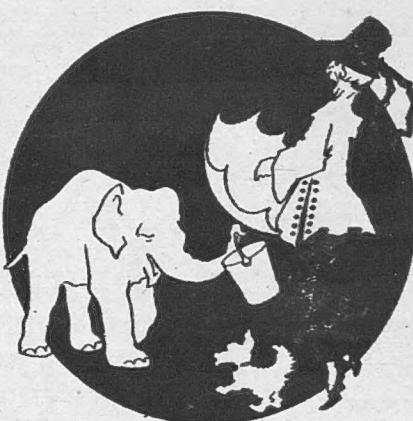
Princely Flying. My Danish friend, who happens also to be a friend of Prince Axel, told me that Queen Alexandra's nephew is very fond of aviation, and has already made various trips. Four years ago the Prince asked my friend and another naval officer to fly with him from Copenhagen to Ermitage Castle, taking dinner there. They were to fly M. Birch's biplane. In spite of the storm which was raging, the three started off, dressed in evening suits. They arrived at Ermitage Castle, the distance being twenty-six miles, in sixteen minutes. Dinner was ready at the

Castle, but the aviators feared that, owing to the storm, they would be unable to fly back if they stayed. They took, therefore, only a bottle of champagne and a sandwich, and at once started to fly home to Copenhagen. But now the storm had begun in earnest, and it was only with great difficulties that the aviators reached their destination in eighteen minutes; and, after a very dangerous landing, they were saved. It was a very rash experiment, but the aviators were enthusiastic.



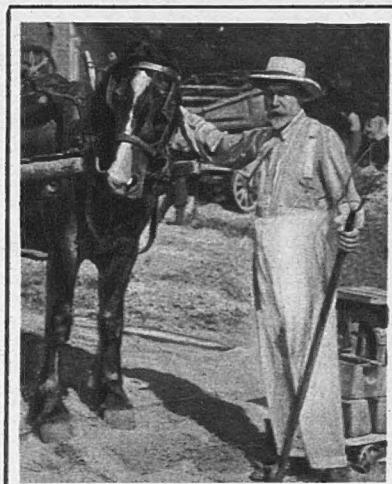
THE FRINGES OF THE FEET!

"From Paris I hear that, to obtain the proper silhouette and get freedom of movement as well, the skirts are to be slit in several places, and that one exclusive firm has turned out some heavy cloth frocks cut at the hem into strips so narrow as to be equivalent to fringe."—*Daily Paper*.



THE "ZOO," PLEASE NOTE.

"Calgary has just held a unique flag collection, made possible by obtaining the services of a baby elephant belonging to a travelling show. The elephant paraded the main thoroughfares of the city soliciting contributions for the Allied Prisoners of War Fund."—*Daily Paper*.



THE SPEAKER TRIES A PITCHFORK: MR. J. W. LOWTHER HARVESTING ON HIS ESTATE AT CAMPSEA ASHE, SUFFOLK.

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.

Sargent and Portraits.

Yet another relief from the tedium of the present session! I had taken my morning stroll through the West End without encountering anything more stimulating than the spectacle of a Staff Colonel discoursing with enthusiasm on some subject or other with a charming little lady window-cleaner in a pair of wonderful holland trousers and a pretty peak cap, when I turned into Tite Street, and met Mr. John Sargent, whom I had fondly imagined was far away in foreign parts. He told me that he had collected a heap of pictures, but when I asked him if he were going to paint any more portraits himself, he plucked his beard and shook his head: "You won't keep to your resolve," I said; "our wonderful women war-workers will see to that. They are bound to make you paint a portrait for something or other."

"Well, we shall see," said Mr. Sargent.

Christmas Day, December 26!

Of course, Sargent is cosmopolitan to a degree. He is the son of American parents; he was born in Germany and France; and he makes England his home. One of the first masters he studied under was the great Carolus Duran, whom he left, to strike out, when he was little more than a boy. Duran, deplored his departure, told him that if he stayed with him another seven years, he would make an artist of him. But Sargent's genius developed with wonderful rapidity at that time, and by the age of twenty-three, it was obvious to Carolus Duran, as to the world, that he had made an artist of himself, despite the lack of that seven years. Mr. Sargent has been accused of absent-mindedness, and that failing is certainly borne out by the story of a Christmas Day party to which he was invited. Writing to accept, he said that as he remembered Christmas Day fell



"I OUGHT TO HA' KNOWN BETTER WIV A NAME LIKE MINE!"

"A man named Koppit has been sentenced to five months' imprisonment."—*Daily Paper*.

last year on the 25th, he calculated its day now by a day later, the 26th.

Lady Dufferin in Town.

I met Lady Dufferin the other morning while she was enjoying a quiet stroll by herself. "Who is that in the beautiful black dress," inquired my flapper country cousin, who has come up to town to spend a holiday for a change of air, and is very inquisitive about everyone.

"That is the Marchioness of Dufferin," I said with due solemnity; and Miss Countryside remarked: "How silly of her to stay in town when she can leave here whenever she



AFTER ADDING A GREAT "PAGE" TO AMERICAN HISTORY: THE U.S. AMBASSADOR, WHO IS RETIRING THROUGH ILL-HEALTH.

Photograph by L.N.A.



AT HIS FIRM'S SPORTS: MR. HANDLEY PAGE, THE FAMOUS AEROPLANE-BUILDER, AND HIS WIFE.

Photograph by Farringdon Photo. Co.

likes." "Perhaps it is not silliness, but a sense of duty," I replied, with the air of a very sedate uncle.

Her Love
Romance.

first live Marchioness she had ever met—I told her that Lady Dufferin was one of the very prettiest of our peeresses.

As Miss Countryside was very anxious to know everything about the Marchioness—the first live Marchioness she had ever met—I told her that Lady Dufferin was one of the very prettiest of our peeresses. Also that she had been the heroine of a love romance in Paris, when Lieutenant Terence Blackwood, destined to become her husband, was attached to the British Embassy. She had, so the story goes, suitors galore, but of them her choice fell upon Lord Terence, and they were married in 1893. The Marchioness is devoted to music, and studied singing under some of the best-known European teachers. As might be expected, she is a great patron of the opera.

The Art of
Being Incog.

If there is one place in these beautiful islands where I should like to be at the present moment, other than that delectable spot, Frinton-on-Sea, it is Harrogate. At the moment, King Manuel

and his Consort are the centre of life there; and by the time you read these lines, Princess Victoria will have arrived there for a well-earned holiday. For once in a way, the Princess is not travelling incognito. I remember when she went to stay on the coast of Kent with her former governess, Mrs. Johnson, under an assumed name, and, to her great satisfaction, managed to escape recognition. The same kind of thing happens almost every day when Queen Alexandra and her daughter are in residence at Marlborough House, for Princess Victoria, whenever possible, leaves quietly by the side-door, accompanied by a friend, or someone connected with the Royal Household, and invariably on foot.

Browning or
Isaiah!

Princess Victoria is really

a very accomplished woman, but her tastes hardly run in the ultra-modern fashion. I remember three years ago, in a house in Downing Street, a certain young woman, who is famous for her many and

manifold interests in what are called the "latest movements," discussed the Princess. Somebody ventured to wax rather eloquent upon her Royal Highness's interests in literature.

"CUTHBERT" BREASTS THE TAPE.

"Cuthbert," as he is humorously called, the 95-year-old munition worker at the Gramophone Company's works in Middlesex, who came forward to "do his bit" when 92, won a 125-yards race for men over 50 at the company's sports meeting. The management had provided a consolation prize for "Cuthbert," but, to their astonishment, he won the race by six yards."—*Daily Paper*.



APPOINTED
FRENCH HIGH
COMMISSIONER
IN SIBERIA:
M. REGNAULT.
Photograph by Topical.



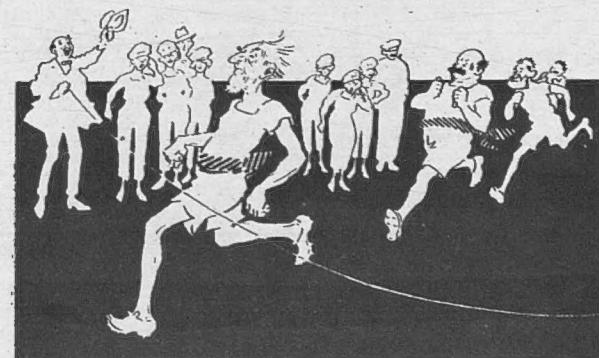
OUR FILMY PREMIER.

"At the age of sixteen Mr. Lloyd George was a voracious reader of Shakespeare, and is reported to have wandered among the Welsh hills reading the Shakespearean dramas 'with his head in the clouds.' The producers, in order to give a glimpse of him in this pursuit, had to climb a mountain 400 ft. high; but the result was distinctly worth while."—*Daily Paper*.

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AN M.P.'S DAUGHTER MARRIED: MAJOR JAMES SWAN, M.C., R.A.M.C., AND HIS BRIDE (MISS GOTIE KENNEDY JONES). Mrs. Swan is the daughter of Mr. Kennedy Jones, M.P. for Hornsey.
Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.



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The beautiful brows of the certain young woman contracted, and her beautiful lips gave a contemptuous pout: "Ah," she exclaimed, "but she is so hopelessly old-fashioned; why, her favourite poet is Browning. He's an antique. Why, one might as well read—*Isaiah!*"

The Grand
Duchess George.

Another favourite at Harrogate is the Grand Duchess George, who, with her daughter, has been staying at Lady Radcliffe's. She is the only surviving daughter of King George of Greece. She has had some trying times in her day, especially before her marriage, which was a genuine love match. The Turkish war caused an indefinite postponement of her wedding day, and during the crisis suffered by the Greek Army, the poor girl was hooted at and insulted in the streets. Finally, she and her father were shot at by some ruffian while they were driving together. Though she was sorry to leave her father, the young Princess must

have been relieved to escape from Greece.

Horatio and
Harrogate.

Another person who is making her way towards Harrogate is Queen Amélie—after her stay at Windsor Castle with the King and Queen, where she has learnt all the news from the Western Front from the Prince of Wales. Trying my best to



A SON OF W. S. PENLEY MARRIED: CUTTING THE CAKE. Flight-Lieutenant Charles Penley, R.N., third son of the late Mr. W. S. Penley, of "Charley's Aunt" fame, and now Assistant-Manager of the Alhambra, is here seen with his bride, Miss Dorothy May Dagnell. [Photograph by Topical.]

be interesting, I told Miss Countryside all about the Royalties and other famous people who were seeking a holiday just now at our Northern Spa. "I know why they are going up there," she remarked with an air of incredible wisdom and superior knowledge. "They are going to see Mr. Bottomley; he is staying there—I saw it in the papers." Mr. Bottomley, I believe, has many friends, but I am a little surprised to hear of the very distinguished list of his Harrogate guests.

Your Books and
Cards, Please.

Have you got any old books to spare, or any calendars, or any Christmas cards? If so, Lady Price will be very glad to receive them for the Savoy Fair in aid of the Prisoners of War Fund. "People think I have started too early," Lady Price told me last week, because the Fair will not take place until the end of the year; but in these days of many charities, it is the early bird that catches the worm—and the donations.

A Correction. In our issue of Aug. 14,

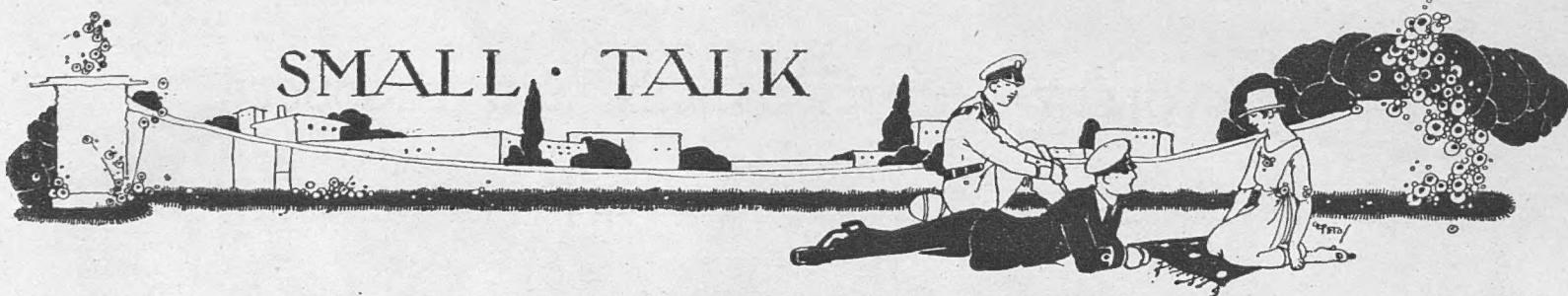
we, by a slip of the pen, attributed a statement as to the fondness of American ladies for some sort of uniform to Lady Chetwynd, instead of to Mrs. Chetwynd. We regret the mistake, which we trust has caused neither of the ladies inconvenience.



DON'T WASTE YOUR "SCRAPS
OF PAPER."

"Zurich, Sunday.—The *Zeit* reports a meeting of Austrian and Hungarian paper manufacturers, at which it was publicly proclaimed that, although Great Britain's blockade excluded the imports of cotton from America, India, and Africa, the people of Central Europe are being clothed in paper from head to foot."—*Reuters*.

SMALL TALK



THE marriage of Lord Leven and Melville to Lady Rosamond Foljambe yesterday recalls the early days of the war, when the bridegroom, whose name was one of the first to appear in the casualty lists, wounded and taken prisoner by the Germans in August 1914, succeeded in making his escape disguised as a Belgian, four months later. His other claims to distinction include a quite unique record of attendance at weddings in the capacity of best man, so that he ought to have been quite free from the minor embarrassments that beset a bridegroom less experienced in the duties incidental to such an occasion. He has a handsome rent-roll, wonderful jewels, and more than one lovely home to offer his bride, not to mention his plucky self.

Honoured! Lady Congreve, who has just added to the war honours of an already much-decorated

family, is one of the many Englishwomen nursing in France, and one of the few of them who has been "militarisée." In other words, her status is that of a French military nurse, with the rank of

"Infirmière Principale," and as such she is under the orders of the French War Office. The war has shown that calmness under fire and coolness and courage in the face of danger are by no means exclusively masculine virtues. Lady Congreve displayed all three when the hospital in the Nancy area where she was nursing became a target for Hun bombs,

THE DAUGHTER OF AN EARL: LADY CLARE KING.

Lady Clare King is the younger daughter of the Earl of Gainsborough, and wife of Captain Charles Mervyn King, Coldstream Guards. She was married in 1907.

Photograph by Swaine.

and the Croix de Guerre—an honour rarely conferred on women—has been her reward. Splendid, of course, but just what one might expect from the wife and mother of V.C.s.

Glittering Prospects. Lady Wernher's baby son comes into the world with rather more than the proverbial silver spoon in his mouth. Even a modest share of the Wernher millions would go a long way towards helping to make the lot of their owner an enviable one; and Major Wernher has something more than a moderate fraction of his father's wealth with which to make things pleasant for the newcomer. To think of Lady Wernher as a grandmother seems ridiculous. Her energy and youthful appearance are far from suggesting anything like the number of years usually considered appropriate to the part; and his miniature beard, grey-tinged though it be,

does not go very far towards indicating the new dignity Fate has thrust upon the Grand Duke Michael. Lady Zia, the elder of his two daughters, has always been one of Society's "open-air" girls, and since her marriage, has been helping the country of her adoption on the land at her own small farm near Grantham.

A Spirited Peer. Lord Northbourne, who has just celebrated his golden wedding, is remembered by comparatively few people in the House of Commons, though he sat there as Member for Gateshead for close on twenty years. A Liberal in politics, he acquired Conservative views in the House of Lords, and was one of the bitterest critics of Mr. Lloyd George as Chancellor of the Exchequer. During the Budget fight he announced his intention of roasting a fat bullock on his estate to celebrate the day the "little Welsh solicitor" left office. Threatened men, however, live long. In 1916, Lord Northbourne, whose view of the present Prime Minister had undergone a change (though the Budget was never entirely forgiven) decided that the



GRAND-DAUGHTER OF AN EARL: MISS AGNES CELESTRIA MARY KING.

Miss Agnes Celestria Mary King is the little daughter of Captain and Lady Clare King, and grand-daughter of the Earl of Gainsborough. She was born in 1917.—[Photograph by Swaine.]

bullock—whether the identical one selected for the confusion of Radical statesmen is not clear—must be sacrificed, and handed it over to a war charity auction. All's well that ends well. But possibly the bullock did not think so.

A Great Ambassador.

America produces more remarkable men than any other country; and she generally does us the honour of sending the pick of them to this country, in the capacity of Ambassador. Either that is the case, or the supply of natural diplomatic talent in the United States must be extraordinary. Dr. Page, who has been obliged to relinquish his great post through a breakdown in health, is one of the greatest figures in a list which includes Benjamin Franklin. History alone will do complete justice to the manner in which he has discharged his great task. No man ever showed greater self-command. He was, as we now know, in hearty sympathy with the Allies from the first, yet carried out the duties of a neutral Minister in such impartial fashion that nobody in this country had a glimmering of his real feelings. As soon as he was free to speak, he spoke in a speech which was a great deed and a most effective contribution to the war.

A WAR-WORKER IN SWITZERLAND: MISS RITA PICOT, M.B.E.

Miss Picot is daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel H. Picot, C.B.E., and has worked as Hon. Sec. of the British Red Cross, and also in the Prisoners' Bread Bureau.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.



A KEEN WAR-WORKER: THE HON. MRS. WALTER LONG.

Mrs. Walter Long is a daughter of Lord Derwent, and is the widow of Brigadier-General Walter Long, C.M.G., D.S.O., who was killed in action last year. She has been Superintendent of the Ladies' Branch of the Y.M.C.A. in France, and is now working for various war charities in England.—The Countess de Salazar, who was married to the Count Demetrio Sarsfield de Salazar in June last, was, before her marriage, Miss Vera Colby, daughter of Mr. John Vaughan Colby, of Ffynone, Pembrokeshire.



A JUNE BRIDE: THE COUNTESS DE SALAZAR.

Photographs by Elliott and Fry and Swaine.

A BENEVOLENT SPHINX: DANCER AND PRODUCER.



RESPONSIBLE FOR "THE GOLDEN COCKEREL": MADAME SERAPHINE ASTAFIEVA.

Mme. Astafieva, of the Imperial Russian Ballet, already famous as a dancer, added to her laurels recently by producing "Le Coq d'Or," for Sir Thomas Beecham, at Drury Lane. Her Russian temperament gives her a fine sense of colour and motion, and during the next season she

hopes to produce another Russian opera which has dancing as its chief feature. Mme. Astafieva has a school of dancing in Chelsea, and it is good to know that she holds a high opinion of English girls as exponents of this graceful art.—[Photograph by Dorothy Wilding.]



THE ANNALS OF ARTEMAS

By the Author of "*The Book of Artemas.*"

THE general effects of the war—ranging as they did from a mushroom-like growth of the flapper world to downright incivility from the lips of menial servants—went further than even the most pessimistic had anticipated.

It was, therefore, a matter for congratulation that the newspapers, practically shelving petty politics, and employing vulgar abuse only on very special occasions, were able to retain their pre-war reputation, and to circulate right to the limits of their paper allowance.

The thanks of the nation were undoubtedly due to Callisthenes, whose consistently optimistic articles were a tower of strength to the many omnivorous readers who eagerly devoured the bright, inspiring columns.

And a meed of praise was earned by other well-known writers for directing public attention to the science of Pelmanism, without the aid of which the outcome of the War would, to say the least of it, most certainly have been a matter of doubt.

Concise reports from the various war correspondents, often illustrated by maps—of some place other than the scene of action—kept the public *au fait* with the progress of events.

A certain amount of tact, however, was necessary when penning contributions to the Press.

And a storm of indignation was raised when Mr. T. P. O'Connor, writing in a paper called the *Daily Chronicle*, laid claim to a feeling of homesickness for the land of the Stars and Stripes; and strong popular opinion was directed against the hidden hands which, it was presumed, prevented him from hearkening to the call.

Everyday life in the large cities showed some noticeable changes. Eagle-eyed soldiers, with "M.P." stamped in black on the red of their vaccination-bands, put the wind up many a luckless truant; and the presence of appropriately garbed land girls, many miles away from their hay-stacks, was a continual reminder of the good work their sisters were doing on the farms.

Patriotic women, stepping into the breaches, assumed control of the London omnibuses. But, patriotism giving place to business, both they and the ladies of the railways stopped work with exasperating

unexpectedness, causing an amount of perspiration which, it was estimated, would easily have sufficed for the drowning of the whole German Army.

The atmosphere engendered by the War acted like a hot-house in bringing on the delicate flowers of femininity. With its assistance the erstwhile coy maiden developed apace, and the Marie Lloyd eye-flicker became established as an essential weapon in the equipment of every modern miss.

The process of "getting off" was gradually advanced to the dignity of an exact science; and the number of its practitioners, continually recruited from both old and young, increased to a most remarkable degree.

Competition, however, was very keen,

an irresistible push, and the full-skirt storm troops were vanquished from the field.

It began to be noticed about this time that the division of the women into different camps when the question of a change of fashion came up for discussion was based on a system of natural selection.

For instance, the spindle-shanked woman, as well as the maiden whose nether limbs outlined the shape of a star, were invariably to be found in alliance against the vulgar display of limb necessitated by the wearing of the half-way skirt.

Whilst she of the shapely ankle, Number 2 shoes, and fascinating instep was endowed with a pure and simple mind which would see no harm even if fashion decreed that the skirt had to be discarded altogether.

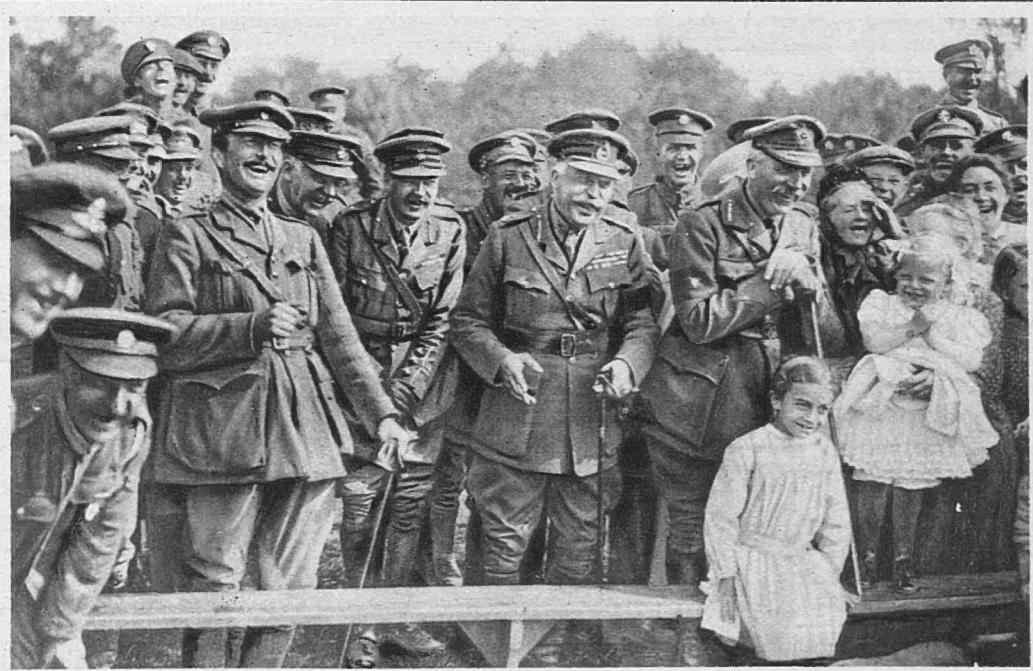
As regards men's fashions, but little change, and certainly no improvements, were noticeable in the general monotony of their appearance. Indeed, except in isolated cases, where the influence of the servants' hall led to the cultivation of butler-esque side-whiskers, the drab and dreary male preserved his low visibility unaltered.

Much of the glitter of life was rubbed out for some, by an inconsiderate mandate from the Government forbidding the wearing of gold braid by all but the members of his Majesty's Forces.

This, though taken in good part, was felt especially by the corps of commissioners, whom it robbed instantaneously of eighty per cent. of importance; and it was not until the adoption of a new powder-blue uniform by the guardian of the gate at the Empire Theatre that a means was found to counteract the effect of this harsh restriction.

Owing to the claims of the Army, there was a considerable reduction in the number of practical policemen; and many burglars, realising that, with the decrease of sporting risks, their vocation was brought down to the level of mere manual labour, quietly retired into private life.

And the lot of the average policeman would probably have been a lonely one had not the authorities, with commendable foresight, provided him with a lady sloop with whom to pass the starry watches of the night.



A STUDY IN LAUGHTER! THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT—AND FRIENDS—AMUSED BY A GUARDSMAN PILLOW-FIGHTER FALLING INTO THE RIVER DURING SPORTS ON THE WESTERN FRONT.

Official Photograph.

causing an absurd and artificial value to be placed upon the timid male. For it was only the most adept in the art of camouflaged encouragement who could ever hope to succeed in collecting a specimen of the all-too-wary Benedick.

A strange phenomenon, attributed by the thoughtless to the existence of the War, but looked upon by thinkers as a happening in spite of the War, was a marked decline in the birth-rate.

[Verse deleted—Editor.]

In the world of woman's fashion, a gigantic struggle was waged between the rival adherents of full and tight skirts; and for long the result of the contest remained in grave doubt, neither side showing any disposition to retire from the fray.

But, finally, when it seemed that a deadlock had been reached, and that a compromise presented the only solution to this vital question, the tight-skirt party delivered

A WORSHIPPER AND A SPIRIT: DANCERS IN "SHANGHAI."



PREMIÈRE DANSEUSE AND PREMIER DANSEUR IN "SHANGHAI," AT DRURY LANE: MISS IVY SHILLING AND MR. PAUL JAKOVLEFF.

It was arranged to produce "Shanghai," a combination of musical comedy and Oriental spectacle, at Drury Lane last Wednesday. The setting is, of course, Chinese, and so are most of the characters. The dancing element is in the highly capable hands, or rather, feet, of Miss Ivy Shilling and

Mr. Paul Jakovleff, who are Première Danseuse and Premier Danseur respectively. In the second act they appear in "The Ballet of the Green Jade God"—Miss Shilling as The Spirit of the Green Jade God, and Mr. Jakovleff as The Worshipper. The scene of the ballet is a Chinese temple.



AMONG unexpected and amusing things to be seen are Princess Mary's rabbit-warren in the grounds of Buckingham Palace, and Lady Maureen Stewart's goat-farm in Rutland. That least of counties contains other surprises for the observant. At Catmose may be seen the State carriages of the King of the Belgians, including one which Queen Victoria gave to her uncle, King Leopold, and another in which the King of Prussia drove through Brussels after the peace of 1815. That is a memory which does not any longer endear; and the Germans might hardly have been grudged its inclusion in their booty. And the King's horses are contentedly out at grass at Catmose.



ENGAGED TO MR. ARTHUR PHILLIPS: MISS G. JEROME SHORLAND. Miss Glory Jerome Shorland, whose engagement to Mr. Arthur Phillips, son of Mr. Walter Phillips, of The Grange, Coventry, has been announced, is the only child of Mr. Frank Shorland.

Photograph by Hugh Cecil.

had Lord Uffington, Lord Craven's heir. And, in a few days, Lord Blandford, who is in the Life Guards, will be the first of his family for several generations to know that he is twenty-one without the cheers and toasts of tenants at Blenheim. Lord Kingston's only son, Lord Kingsborough, follows suit in November. The simple truth is that the war has abolished distinctions, even of age. The young fighting-man of twenty-one has, for the most part, just as little hold on life as his senior. He is often on his way to promotion as a major, and he has forgotten any other majority.

Salop for Sale. Lord Acton is yet another peer to live up to the programme: "All England in the market!" Compared with the quarter-of-a-million acres the Duke of Sutherland is parting with, other people's few thousands of acres—Lord Acton owns under ten thousand altogether—sound insignificant enough. But the fact that the small as well as the large owner is

out to sell is the only really significant one. Many of the Actons have had one foot in England and the other far afield. The present peer's great-grandfather was Prime Minister of Naples, and his great-uncle was a Cardinal in Rome. His father, the famous historian, had for mother a daughter of the Duke d'Alberg; and then the present peer's mother was also a Bavarian.

English by Act of Parliament. All the same, Lord Acton is very much of an Englishman.

Indeed, he says, with a smile, that he is the best Englishman of them all; for he is the only peer about whom a special Act of Parliament has been passed (some half-dozen years ago) "to remove doubts as to

the nationality of Richard Maximilian Baron Acton and his issue." Other peers may think they are Englishmen, but he is the only one whom Parliament has actually declared to be one! His foreign traditions have, however, been of great use to his country. He has served diplomatically in Berlin; and he was the Lord-in-Waiting who took the Kaiser in charge when, seven years before the war, he was in London, so very affable to all! Lord Acton, who is an authority on clothes, as on matters of larger import, has lived with his wife and children in Switzerland since the early days of the war.

Disraeli's Doctors. Physician, heal thyself! On that principle the doctor who lives to be nearly a hundred is his own best advertisement. And Dr. Kidd, despite his name, nearly "had" (as the French say) his century. "But how is it to be arranged with Kidd?" That was Lord Beaconsfield's solicitous

query when, in his last illness, Sir Philip Rose wished to call in a non-homeopathic doctor, Sir Richard Quain. No trouble was experienced; and it was Kidd who held the dying statesman's left hand, as if to keep him from going, while Lords Rowton and Barrington clung to his right. Dr. Kidd, who used to boast that he had fifteen Kidds of his own, was an opponent of the tight waist for women once in fashion, and he had even prescribed for illnesses resulting, as he thought, from the compressions of male waists dating from the days when Tennyson hailed Bulwer as "the padded man that wears the stays." The revival of the military male waist, which Dr. Kidd lived to see, has its own elegance to commend it, and is so moderate as to excite no medical condemnation.

Two Royal Autographs. Boys who cut their names on trees or scratch them on windows are not generally

included among the more useful signatories of the world. But there are cuttings and scratchings of the kind that no one will willingly obliterate. One such is the "Nicky" diamonded on a pane in Marlborough House by the late Tsar when a youthful guest of

his aunt Alexandra. The "Eddy" on the same panel has long borne its own pathetic memories. Now the note of tragedy is complete.

Dominion Men in Parliament.

Mr. J. G. Jenkins, a former Prime Minister of South Australia, has decided to stand as a candidate for Putney at the next election. He was born in America, of Welsh parentage, and so has an unusual claim to represent the English-speaking world, to say nothing of that small fraction which lives at Putney. There are already two Members of the House of Commons who have been Overseas Premiers—Mr. Joseph Martin, of British Columbia, and Sir George Reid, the well-known Australian statesman,



A NEW PORTRAIT: MRS. R. BODLEY—WIFE OF A WELL-KNOWN OFFICER. Mrs. Bodley is the wife of Major R. Bodley, M.C., a well-known officer, and the daughter of Major F. Stapleton Brether-ton, who is a member of a very old and interesting Catholic family.

Photograph by E. O. Hoppé.



WIFE OF A NEW REPRESENTATIVE PEER FOR IRELAND: VISCOUNTESS CHARLEMONT. Lady Charlemont is the wife of the eighth Viscount Charlemont, whose title dates back to 1665, and who has been elected a Representative Peer for Ireland, in the room of the late Earl of Rosse, whose peerage was conferred in 1806, and whose Baronetcy dated back to 1677. [Photograph by Elliott and Fry.]



ENGAGED TO LIEUT. H. PEARL CROSS: MISS ENID GLASIER.

Miss Glasier, whose engagement to Lieutenant H. Pearl Cross, of the Royal Horse Guards, has just been announced, is the only daughter of Mr. William Glasier, of Brasted House, Kent, and Pall Mall, S.W.

Photograph by Lafayette.



TO MARRY MR. G. McCARTHY BARRY: MISS ETHELDREDA KUYPERS. Miss Kuypers, whose marriage to Mr. G. McCarthy Barry, third surviving son of Mr. J. McCarthy Barry, J.P., is arranged to take place early in September, is the youngest daughter of Mrs. Kuypers, of Belsize Park Gardens, N.W.

Photograph by Lafayette.

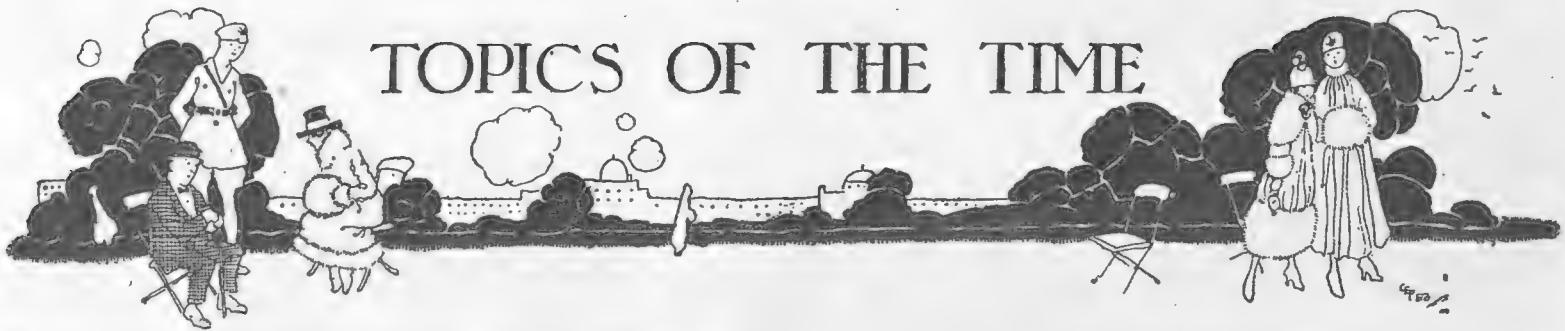
IN WEDDING DRESS—CHINESE: THE “SHANGHAI” STAR.



*In Fuchsia-Coloured Trousers, with Et-ceteras in Harmony:
Miss Blanche Tomlin as Sen Sen.*

George Robey will tell you that he has millions of yen-yens; but Sen Sens are not so common. In fact, there is but one—in the charming and melodious person of Miss Blanche Tomlin as she is seen in “Shanghai,” at Drury Lane. Our lady readers will rejoice to know that the following is a description of the dress here depicted: “Trousers of fuchsia colour and silver, embroidered coloured stones and diamonds. Tunic skirt of

coat-of-mail, heavily embroidered in coloured stones, over tunic of iridescent paillettes and coloured stones; with wonderful tassels. The Chinese look is emphasised by the long mittens over the hands, finished with a quaint tassel. The Chinese head-dress of fuchsia colour, embroidered in many stones to form flowers, with pearl fringe dropping at the sides of the face. In her hand she carries a small jewelled fan.”

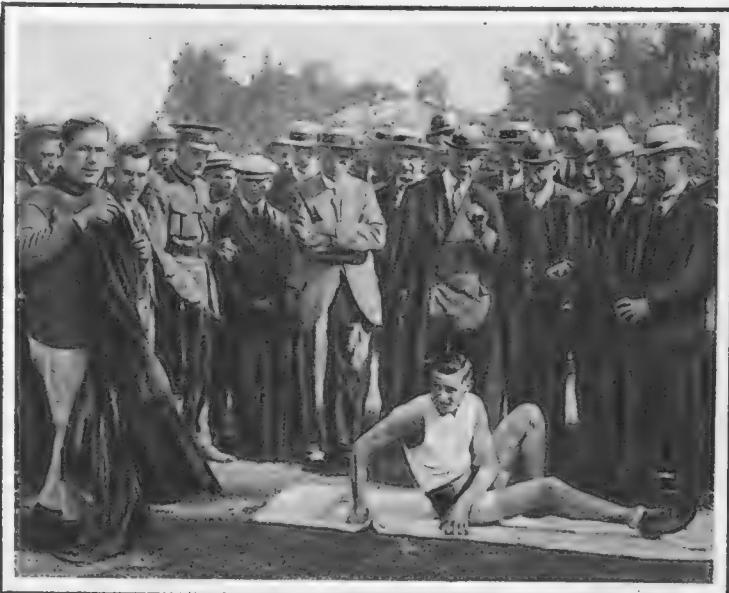


YOU and I have been let into the secret of M. Clemenceau's astonishing buoyancy of spirits. I might more appropriately put it that the secret of his virility has been laid bare to us. For we have been told that it is the custom of the French Premier to conduct his morning correspondence in that condition which is known variously as "the altogether," "in the nude," "mit nodings on," and *in puris naturalibus*, and that for stated periods each morning he wears nothing else.

His lady secretary sat and worked so far and yet so near. She did her typing on the mat, and had the key-hole at her ear. He made appointments by the score, this Premier of eternal youth, and when dictating through the door, he always spoke the naked truth. For instance; no one heard him say: "I can't; I've too much on to-day!"

So active was the Premier's mind, that through the key-hole he'd dictate at least a hundred notes (unsigned) before his *déjeuner* at eight. And she who took them down with care observed decorum of the best. She'd not a sheet of paper bare, and all the envelopes a-dressed! (And to the key-hole that was by she never once applied her eye.)

But though of youthful mind and heart, his will is of the strength of cord, no easier to be snapped apart than noble France's naked sword! And if his letters he dictates as one who recently has dipped, he'd see the Huns to Hell's own gates rather than let his France be stripped! His speeches, bold and free from cant, proclaim a Premier Adam-ant!



IN TRAINING BEFORE HIS MEETING WITH JIMMY WILDE:
JOE CONN AT EGHAM.

There was keen interest in the boxing match between Jimmy Wilde and Joe Conn, which was arranged to take place at Stamford Bridge last Saturday. Joe Conn is here seen doing training exercises on the mat.—[Photograph by L.N.A.]

The next great strike will be the actors'! All I ask is that their leaders don't call them out in the middle of an absorbing scene. It would not be playing the game to strike while the interest was hot.

The place was on the Village Green, which had a jerky moon to match, whereof the villain of the scene was nimbly followed by a patch. "You must and shall be mine!" he hissed, and other phrases of the like; but just as he had caught her wrist, the actor had to go on strike! And everybody left his seat despoiled of a dramatic treat!

An actor of the elder school, whose age was something in the shade, announced that Hamlet, as a rule, was not intelligently played. He took the part himself as far as where Polonius got the spike, when all at once this famous star was called upon to go on strike! His promise thus but partly kept, the world's dramatic students wept!



"A LITTLE TOUCH OF HARRY": MISS MARION PEAKE WITH HARRY TATE'S MOUSTACHE AT TOOTING MILITARY HOSPITAL. Mr. Harry Tate and the "Box o' Tricks" company from the Hippodrome paid a flying visit to the Military Hospital at Tooting between the matinée and evening performances and gave an entertainment that was highly appreciated. On the left in our photograph is Miss Dorothy Jay.—[Photograph by Pictorial Press.]

A lady of uncertain age, who sang of love to fox-trot time, and wagged up and down the stage within a faithful stream of lime, had reached the chorus of her song, "Come back ter me, for 'evin's sake!" when cruelly there came along the order of her league to strike! And you and I went home to bed, refusing to be comforted!

The lazy among us (and the tribe is understood to be a very small one), are eagerly looking forward to the arrival of the promised gas-bus. We have ever envied the carter who dozes between field and farm on the top of a springy load of hay, and we shall experience something of the heavenly comfort of his ride when we float luxuriously down the Strand in the dent of a gently swaying gas-bag!

I dreamed that I had waited long a place upon the bag to ride, when, lo, there came a bounder strong who pushed me brutally aside. I pleaded earlier claim in vain, and had, in sorrow, to descend. And then I prayed with might and main he'd come to some untimely end!

I watched him sink into his seat, a fat cigar between his teeth—regardless of the cubic feet of gas that darkly lurked beneath! He crossed his legs, sat back, and dozed, still puffing his prodigious fag. But soon his flabby hand unclosed, and dropped the thing upon the bag!

The gas-bus started on its way. I watched its going with a smile. His triumph, something seemed to say, was only for a little while! For ere the 'bus had travelled far, the bag exploded like a drum! And, lo, our friend and his cigar went hurtling up to Kingdom Come!

A. B. M.

A NEW SPY PLAY: "THE LUCK OF THE NAVY."



1. THE DRUGGING OF THE V.C. HERO: (L. TO R.) MR. PERCY HUTCHISON AS LIEUT. CLIVE STANTON; MISS RUTH MACKAY AS MRS. GORDON PEEL; MISS MAY BYRON AS ANNA; AND MR. H. A. MATHER AS A POLICE INSPECTOR.

2. PRESIDENT OF THE LOCAL ANTI-ALIEN LEAGUE, AND GERMAN SPY: MISS RUTH MACKAY AS MRS. GORDON PEEL.

3. THE PARTING OF HERO AND HEROINE: MISS MARY GLYNNE AS CYNTHIA EDEN AND MR. PERCY HUTCHISON AS LIEUT. STANTON.

"The Luck of the Navy," at the Queen's Theatre, is a brisk spy-play by Mrs. Clifford Mills, author of "The Basker," and part-author of "Where the Rainbow Ends." The spy-in-chief is a woman who masquerades as a British patriot at an East Coast town. The plot is

to kidnap a British naval officer, with sealed orders for an important submarine enterprise, and carry him off by aeroplane to Germany. Needless to say, the plot is frustrated, by the aid of a resourceful Middy, a retired Admiral (newly joined up), and some jolly Jack Tars.

SOCIETY GOES TO FRINTON: WELL-KNOWN



1. A DISTINCTIVE SERVICE: MR. A. W. ASTHALTER,
AN AMERICAN PLAYER.

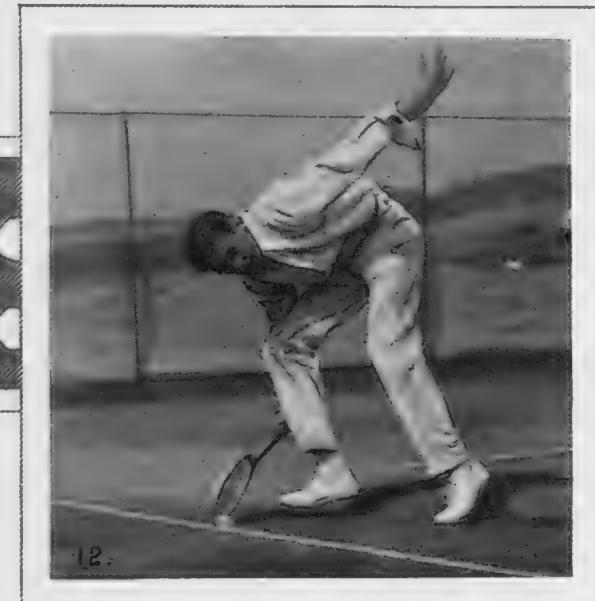
5. RESTING: (L. TO R.) CAPTAIN ASHWORTH, GRENADIER GUARDS;
MRS. ASHWORTH, MRS. STONOR, AND MAJOR STONOR, R.A.F.
9. ON THE LAWN-TENNIS COURTS AT FRINTON-ON-SEA: MAJOR
THE HON. EDWARD STONOR, R.A.F.

2. MIXED DOUBLES: MRS. LAMBERT CHAMBERS AND CAPTAIN
GREIG v. MRS. SATTERTHWAITE AND MR. ROPER BARRETT.

6. A FAMOUS LADY PLAYER IN A MIXED DOUBLE AT FRINTON:
MRS. LAMBERT CHAMBERS.
10. WATCHING THE MIXED DOUBLES: THE HON. VICTORIA
CADOGAN (THE NEAR FIGURE) AND MRS. ASHWORTH.

Frinton-on-Sea, an erstwhile quiet little seaside place on the Essex coast near Clacton, has this summer blossomed out into one of the most fashionable of holiday resorts. Its three hotels and its villas are occupied by well-known Society people, and its tennis-courts have been invaded by the élite of the

N PLAYERS AT THE LAWN-TENNIS CLUB.



3. THE HON. SEC. OF THE LAWN-TENNIS CLUB WATCHING THE PLAY: MR. PERCY J. BANGS (STANDING).
 7. WIFE OF CAPTAIN ASHWORTH, GRENADIER GUARDS: MRS. ASHWORTH PLAYING AT FRINTON.
 11. SPECTATORS: SIR HEDWORTH MEUX (SECOND ROW) AND LADY MEUX (FRONT ROW, WEARING PEARL NECKLACE.)

4. THE LEFT-HANDED CHAMPION OF NEW ZEALAND: THE HON. F. M. B. FISHER PLAYING.
 8. AT FRINTON: (L TO R.) MR. A. W. ASTHALTER, MRS. HALL WALKER, MR. G. N. REEVES, AND HON. F. M. B. FISHER.
 12. FRINTON'S LAWN-TENNIS CLUB INVADED BY WELL-KNOWN PLAYERS: CAPTAIN GREIG, IN A MIXED DOUBLE.

THE DISTAFF SIDE: WAR-WORKERS AND A BRIDE-TO-BE.



1. TO BE MARRIED ON SEPT. 14: MISS PAMELA TUSTIN.

3. A WORKER FOR THE GOVERNMENT FOR TWO-AND-A-HALF YEARS: MISS PHYLLIS MULRONEY.

2. AN ENERGETIC WAR-WORKER: LADY MASSEREENE AND FERRARD.

4. A WELL-KNOWN MEMBER OF THE V.A.D.: HON. EMILY BURNS.

Miss Pamela Tustin, who is to be married on Sept. 14 to Lieutenant Charles Morell Armytage, R.F.A., second son of Mr. and Mrs. Norman Armytage, of Melbourne, is the daughter of Mrs. Fielding-Ould, of Knightsbridge, and the late Mr. W. J. Tustin.—Lady Massereene and Ferrard is the wife of the twelfth Viscount Massereene and Ferrard, who has done duty throughout the war as A.Q.M.G., with the rank of Lieut.-Colonel.

The Viscountess has been an energetic worker since the commencement of the war.—Miss Phyllis Mulroney, who has worked in a Government Department for the past two-and-a-half years, is the daughter of Colonel T. R. Mulroney, I.M.S.—The Hon. Emily Burns, V.A.D., who has worked in an Auxiliary Hospital, is the eldest daughter of Lord and Lady Inverclyde.—[Photographs by Bertram Park, Hugh Cecil, and E. O. Hoppé.]

WIFE OF AN A.D.C., PERSONAL STAFF: A NEW COUNTESS.



NURSING IN A MILITARY HOSPITAL: THE COUNTESS OF LICHFIELD, WIFE OF THE NEW EARL.

The Countess of Lichfield, who was Miss Evelyn Maud Keppel, is a daughter of Colonel Edward George Keppel, a relative of the Earl of Albemarle. In 1911 she married Viscount Anson (as he then was), eldest son of the third Earl of Lichfield, who died a few weeks ago as the result of a

shooting accident. The new Earl is a Captain in the London Regiment, and an A.D.C. on the Personal Staff. The Countess is nursing in a military hospital. She has two children—Viscount Anson, born in 1913; and Lady Betty Matjorie Anson, born last year.

Photographs by Swaine.



EH, BIEN, DANSEZ MAINTENANT! (A MISQUOTATION FROM LA FONTAINE).

ONE of my confrères, who writes *At Random* (in italics, please, Mr. Printer), has, in a curious mood, collected from his readers confidences as to their favourite spot (and sport) during air-raids. The result of "Observator's" inquiry establishes that the majority of people prefer, on such occasions, to "retire," which, in Victorian English, means to go to bed! "All tastes are in nature," we are told, and some there may be who like taking raids lying down; but one must feel so impotent and helpless in bed doing nothing like that, in the dark, for reading by candle-light is just ghastly; as for sleeping—blessed be the deaf on such occasions! No; decidedly, I don't know what the most pleasurable place may be on moonlight nights; but it's not bed; besides, bed is so unsociable—unless, of course, one's hubby is on leave. As for the single, if he or she be a stoic, he or she can play Patience or Solitaire by himself or herself to kill time—during killing time, I mean. As for me, I can't even argue (my favourite pastime) with either friend or foe when we are being hun-nighted! Looking back on dangerous nights, I think—yes, I certainly do think—that the best (if not the safest) place during an air-raid, as in ordinary times, is the circle of two good, strong, biceps arms.

I think the following verses sent to me by one of my "Yous" are worthy not only of being printed for our enjoyment, but set to a good haunting tune. Perhaps some of my readers may amuse themselves in improvising one.

A RHYME OF THE TRENCHES.

France, 1918.

T is the theme of this doggerel verse,
I trust it won't cause any wrenches,
For it's meant for those slackers who'd easily do worse
Than spend a few months in the trenches.

R is for rhetoric, poisonous stuff
That's spouted from Westminster benches.
It's far worse than gas, and that's pretty rough,
As you'll know if you've lived in the trenches.

E is for east wind, an unpopular state,
The brightest complexions it blenches
For no one's secure till the east winds abate
And zephyrs prevail in the trenches.

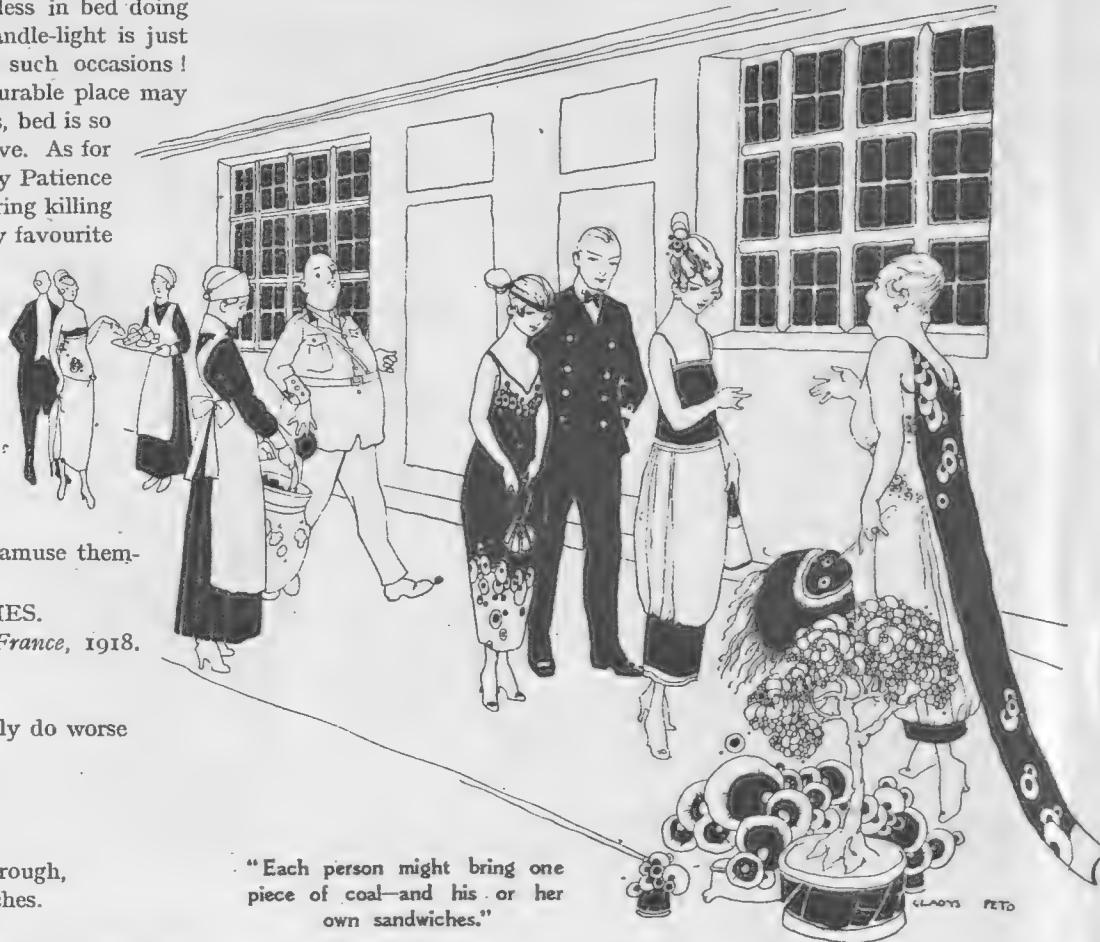
"She can play Patience to kill time."

PHRYNETTE'S LETTER FROM LONDON

BY MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN. (Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married.")

N is for Nancy, a name that suggests Large bevvies of beauteous wenches. I've never been there—my all-too-brief rests Have been spent far too close to the trenches.

C is for cabbage and also for crime, The pastime and trade of the Cencis It's irrelevant, true, but I can't find a rhyme; Inspiration is rare in the trenches.



"Each person might bring one piece of coal—and his or her own sandwiches."

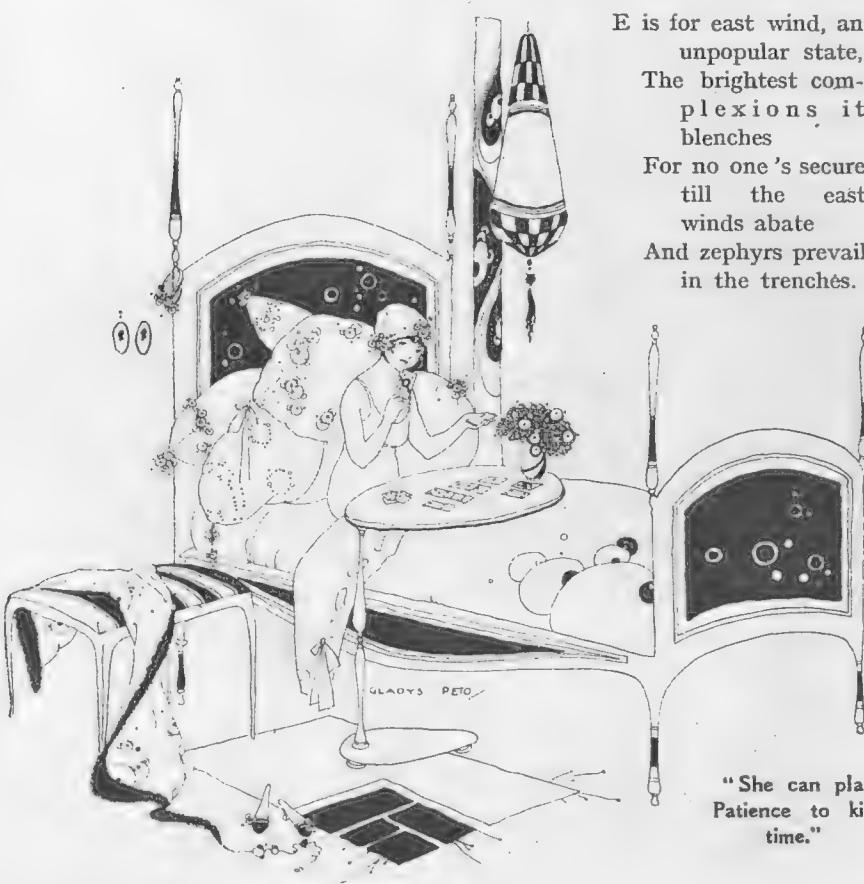
H is for Hindenburg, typical Hun
As with anger his mailed fist he clenches.
He may be the Boche's most wonderful son,
But he's only a jest in the trenches.

E is the end of a perfect day,
When the rain has been falling and drenches
The fair land of France to a glutinous clay,
And engulfs all the men in the trenches.

S is for shell, and also for smell
And sundry salubrious stenches,
Together combined they can make life a h—l
And perdition for men in the trenches.

So a plague on the War, and a health to us all,
The Britons, and Yankees, and Frenchies;
And here's to a speedy escape from the gall
And wormwood of life in the trenches.

As we are all invited to submit our *Bright* (!) ideas on coal-saving for next winter, here is mine—dancing! Instead of each family shivering in front of the flowers ornamenting the fuel-less hearth, let them all tickle-toe vigorously for two or three hours every evening in the largest drawing-room of the neighbourhood. Each person might bring one piece of coal, and his or her own sandwiches—iced drinks could be easily obtained by placing tumblers full of water on the window-sill! No expense, no fuss, no trouble, and a tingling, warm feeling when "retiring." The citizens of every street could have their own coal-less club, and then not only save fuel, but guard against colds, chilblains, and melancholia!



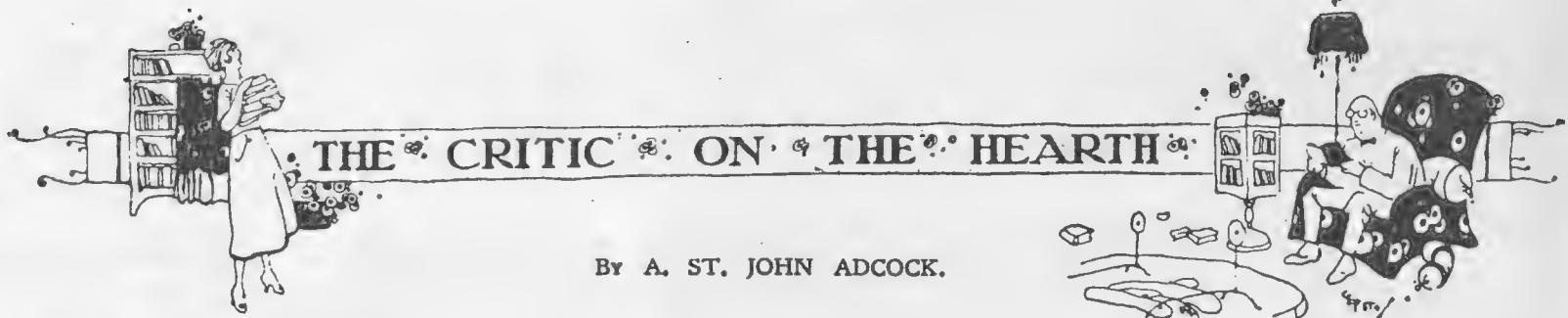
ONE MORE ACTRESS-MANAGERESS—AT THE ST. JAMES'S.



HEROINE IN, AND PRODUCER OF, "THE EYES OF YOUTH": MISS GERTRUDE ELLIOTT.

Miss Gertrude Elliott (Lady Johnston Forbes-Robertson) arranged to present "The Eyes of Youth," which has been called an American "thriller," on Monday, the 2nd. The authors—Max Marcin and Charles Guernon—are American, and it will be remembered that Miss Gertrude Elliott herself was born in Rockland, Maine. By a happy coincidence, she now appears in "The Eyes of Youth" at the moment when the youth of America is figuring heroically in the eyes of the world—one

more reason for wishing complete success for the new play and the new manageress at the St. James's. Miss Elliott is the eighth actual, or coming, actress-manageress of a London theatre, others being Miss Marie Lohr, at the Globe; Miss Doris Keane, at the Lyric; Miss Gladys Cooper, at the Playhouse; while in addition there will shortly be Miss Rosa Lynd, Miss Violet Vanbrugh, Miss Ruby Miller, and Miss Iris Hoey.



By A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK.

LIUT. DENIS BROWNE has already given us one fine letter describing Rupert Brooke's interment, but their padre friend, Mr. Foster, has obtained from the poet's mother another letter from the same pen, which is equally good and welcome, and couched in a strain that shows there was company around the poet fit to appreciate the best that was in him. Fond as he was of wandering off at night when the rest of the camp were abed, he had settled his roots deep within their hearts, and this letter goes to prove it. Part of it runs as follows: "We found a most lovely place about one mile up a valley from the sea, an olive-grove above a water-course, dry now, but torrential in winter. Two mountains flank it on either side, Pephko and Komaro, and Mt. Khokilas is at its head. . . . Over his head droops an olive-tree, leaning slightly forward with its upper branches, though its stem is straight; and round it is a little space clear of all undergrowth."

Then we get sentences picturing the deep shadow that demanded an escort of lamps even in that clear-skied moonlight, the lining of the grave with olive-leaves and flowers, a glint of his helmet, belt, and pistol on the coffin, and the firing-party closing with the Last Post from the bugles. "And so we laid him to rest in that lovely valley, his head towards those mountains that he would have loved to know, and his feet towards the sea." He once said, in chance talk, that he would like to be buried in a Greek island. He could have no lovelier one than Skyros, and no quieter resting-place."

Mr. Foster's book, though most of the footnotes are memoranda showing how one after another of the group gave up his life, is anything but funereal or gloomy. He shows how Brooke's brigade justified their nickname of "Winston's Wandering Wonders," and made light of all sorts of makeshifts and hardships in the true British spirit. What one would have given to be of that merry company round the officers' mess!—with Brooke and Tisdall to fling old college slang about; Arthur Asquith to supply the news from home; Denis Browne and F. S. Kelly to lend a running accompaniment of song; and the sons of Lewis Waller and Mrs. Pat. Campbell to colour the entertainment with all sorts of touches. This and more is what Mr. Foster gives us; so his book is something more than merely Brookeiana.

Mr. Conrad's grey, cool style of tale-telling — what one might call the dry-point method — seems to have been the model for Mr. Russell in "Wren's Wife." In a way, it is the counterpart of Mr. C. E. Lawrence's powerful study, "Mrs. Bente," for whereas the latter's hero came a cropper through marrying a flirt with a past, Mr. Russell's heroine has to bear through thirty chapters the penalty



A WELL-EARNED DAY'S REST: MR. LLOYD GEORGE ENJOYING GOLF.

of having wed a bear who drinks like a fish. The presage of this at the start does the book an injustice, for the author's ingenuity lightens the load, and turns a foregone conclusion into a beguiling series of deft surprises. These are as quiet and unforced as the happy ending is, and there are other reasons just as good why I

prefer the book to his first, called "Stilts." Stepping-stilts to higher things, what?

Dr. Irvine is just the man to talk to troops, for he has had seven years in the service, he has roughed it round the world, and he has risen from a perfect sink of poverty to the first rank of living preachers. If you ever read the story of his life in "From the Bottom Up," or the splendid tribute to his mother in "My Lady of the Chimney Corner," you know what a power he has of dramatising the very stuff of life itself. All this comes into these talks he calls "God and Tommy Atkins," where he knocks sense into officers as well as men, and makes more out of a fresh and vivid anecdote than a whole Church Congress would make of its deliverances, with the Court of Arches thrown in.

Miss Helen Zimmern, by living there, has been doing for Italy these many years what Miss Betham Edwards has long been doing for France: she has been making English folk understand the soul of the Italian people, and the way that soul expresses itself by institutions and progressive movements. She has now helped to translate Professor Catellani's "Italy and Austria at War"; and it goes far to bridge the Gulf of Caporetto—that is to say, the defeat and retreat of nearly a year ago. Still better is her own "New Italy," which in three sections and fourteen chapters gives a friendly and understanding survey of our Ally in the last half-century. It is not easy work to try and strip from us that romantic and velvety conception we are apt to entertain of Italy; but it has to be done sooner or later, if we are to appreciate her as she deserves, and Miss Zimmern does the trick better than any popular writer for a long time past.

It seems a long way back to the boyish years when one used to nobble an elder sister's shelves to see what sort of stuff girls read, and a dose of Mrs. Oliphant and Miss Muloch usually served to warn us off those chaste preserves for ever. But as the flapper demands her share of holiday reading as well as everybody else, I can recommend her Curtis Yorke's "Joyce," who would be all the better for a shaking and a little slang; "Footsteps," by Dorothy Percival, where Daphne of the Drunken Parient extricates herself from the wiles of a Spanish swell and marries a clean English lad instead; and "Olivia," by O. Douglas, which is full of interesting descriptions of Anglo-Indian life. The last two books go to show how English girls may change their skies, but not their hearts, as Horace says; and small blame to 'em, say I.

BOOKS TO READ.

- At Antwerp and the Dardanelles. By the Rev. H. C. Foster. (Mills and Boon.)
- Wren's Wife. By Cyril Russell. (Collins.)
- God and Tommy Atkins. By Alexander Irvine. (Hutchinson.)
- New Italy. By Helen Zimmern and Antonio Agresti. (Constable.)
- Joyce. By Curtis Yorke. (Hutchinson.)
- Footsteps. By Dorothy Percival. (Lane.)
- Olivia. By O. Douglas. (Hodder.)

The actual voices of the world's best singers will ring through your room

WHEN you play a record on the Aeolian "Vocalion" it is the actual living voice of the singer that you hear. Freely and clearly it flows from the instrument as if direct from the throat of the vocalist. No nasal intonation or metallic mummings veil the purity of the original production.

This is equally true of instrumental music—to hear a violin solo on the Aeolian "Vocalion" is to forget the medium of its transmission.

Here—in your own room—the bow of the artist draws the throbbing voice from the quivering heart of the instrument; nothing stands between you and the unrestricted art of the musician until the last note dies away, yet throughout the whole performance the expression is under your control.

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Gives you personal control over tone.

By means of the "Graduola," which is an exclusive feature of the Aeolian "Vocalion," you can emphasise every delicate quality of tone without interfering with the artist's phrasing or tempo. By the pressure of a finger you can vary every performance, note by note and phrase by phrase, in harmony with your mood. What this means to the quality of the music, no longer bound by the rigid limitations of the record, can only be realised by hearing and playing the instrument.



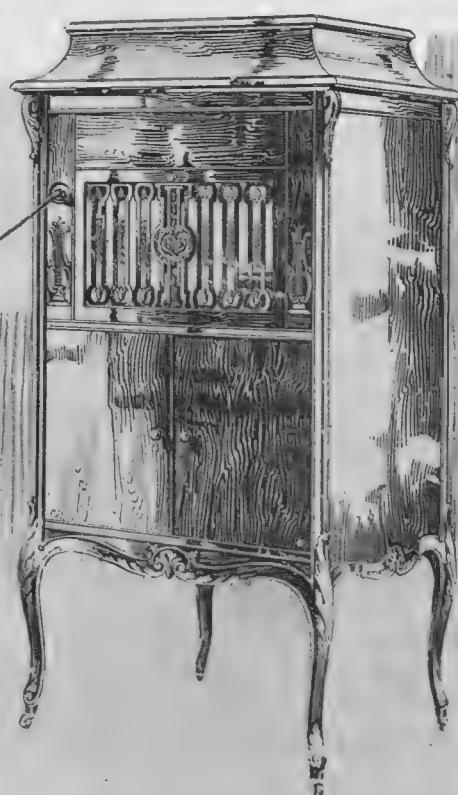
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Call at Aeolian Hall and hear your favourite music on the Aeolian "Vocalion," or write for Catalogue 5.



"SERVICE"-ABLE GARDENING HINTS.





STAR TURNS

GIFTED AMATEURS.

They gave me the part of Prompter in the Amateur Charity Mat.
(I hadn't the classic features that go with a big, plumed hat.)
The Duchess assured me kindly, "You won't have a thing to do
But smoke your beloved **Abdullas**, and watch us go romping through."

Alas! for our hard-worked Peerage—stage-fright with an icy grip
Had fastened on "Beau" and "Beauty," and frozen each painted lip.—
The Hero addressed me wildly—"I can't hear a single word!"—
And clung to the "wings" for succour, whenever a hitch occurred.

The Stalls—at a modest "fiver"—grew bored by my dulcet tones;
The boxes—each fifty guineas—soon greeted my voice with groans.
Undaunted by heartless titters, I whispered each leading cue,
And simplified things by reading the whole of the Fifth Act through.

When the Curtain shut out our audience, I staggered, weary and hoarse;
But the Duchess hissed, "Twas our Prompter who murdered the Play, of course!"—
So I slunk through the Stage-door swiftly, and remembered with sudden zest,
I had time—after four long hours—to savour **Abdulla's Best!** —R. H.

ABDULLA

THE STAR TURN ALWAYS



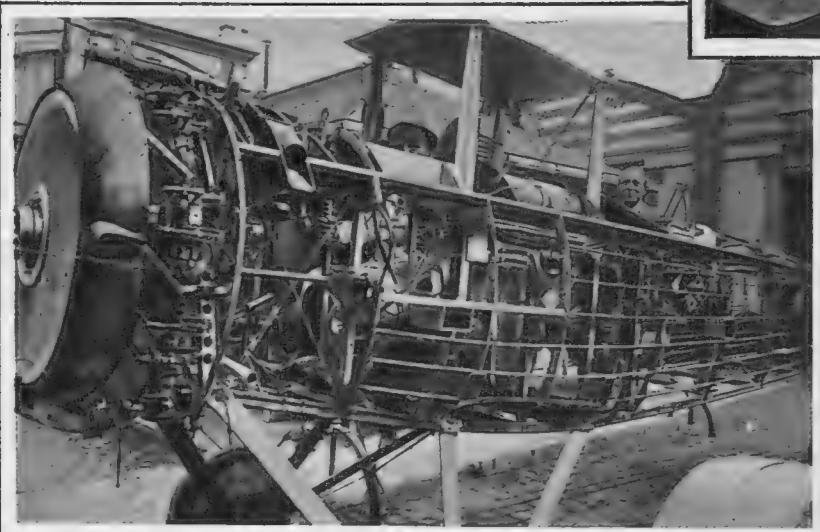
NEW APPOINTMENTS AT THE AIR

MINISTRY. By C. G. GREY, *Editor of "The Aeroplane."*

THE new appointments in the Royal Air Force, though partaking somewhat of the nature of a re-shuffle—or, as an R.A.F. humourist remarked, looking rather like a game of musical-chairs—seem likely to improve efficiency all round.

Sir Godfrey Paine. Major-General Sir Godfrey Paine, K.C.B., M.V.O.—late Commodore R.N.—becomes Inspector-General to the Royal Air Force. Precisely what are the functions of an Inspector-General is not disclosed in the notice of the appointment. Presumably, he will visit the R.A.F. in all its habitats, from the Arctic Circle to the Equator, which is, literally, its extent of operations at the moment, and report to the Air Council on the manners and customs of the personnel. In which connection one hopes that Sir Godfrey's strict naval training, and the laconic habit consequent thereon, will not lead him to send in a report similar to that historic document of a midshipman, who, having been sent to visit a savage island, and report on the manners and customs of the natives, weighed in with a chit which read simply: "Manners—None. Customs—Beastly." It is supposed to be the shortest official report on record.

Fool Flying. Nevertheless, there is plenty for the new Inspector-General to inspect. He might well begin with a journey incognito to most towns in the vicinity of training aerodromes, and remark for himself the behaviour of young aviators in training, when on leave for the evening, as well as observing their manner of flying over the surrounding population when ostensibly out on training spins, though to the mere ignorant civilian those training spins look uncommonly like joy-



THE SKELETON OF A FLYING-MACHINE: A FRENCH AEROPLANE IN COURSE OF CONSTRUCTION.—[French Official Photograph.]

riding on many occasions. Quite a lot of useful inspection might be done with a good pair of binoculars, and the help of a smart amanuensis to take down numbers and times. It is fortunate that aeroplanes carry their numbers on their tails, just like common motor-cars. Only, if he uses binoculars at the seaside, he must beware the local coastguards and Volunteers and Special Constables. Seriously, though, one hopes, that one of Sir Godfrey's first acts will be to put his foot down heavily on the silly and dangerous stunting which goes on at and round so many of the R.A.F. training stations. He was always down on fool flying—as the Americans call it—when he was Commandant at the Central Flying School before the war; so one may assume that, as Inspector-General, he will be equally firm on the subject.

Major-General Brancker. Major-General Brancker's appointment as Master-General of Personnel, *vice* Sir Godfrey Paine, seems a thoroughly sound one. He was always a good hand at controlling men, and the job ought really

to suit him better than his former job as Controller-General of Equipment. Being a Gunner officer, he had of necessity a first-class technical training at "the Shop"; so that the mechanical affairs of the Equipment Department were never any trouble to him; but he is probably still better fitted to deal with Personnel. Those who remember his excellent lecture on the training of aviators, which he delivered before the Aeronautical Society something over two years ago, will recall how he demonstrated his knowledge of the psychology of aviators, and his acquaintance with their needs and troubles. Only a man who knew from experience, and sympathised with, these troubles could have talked of them as he did. Moreover, General Brancker has a keen sense of humour, which is always a most priceless possession when dealing with men, especially those afflicted with the erratic temperament of so many aviators.

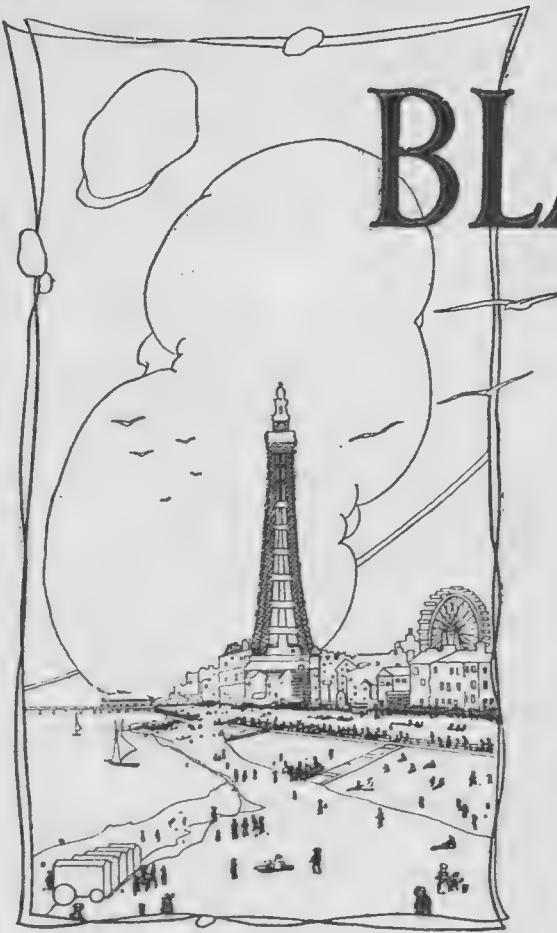


WHERE SCORES OF MACHINES ARE BUILT WEEKLY: IN A FRENCH AEROPLANE FACTORY.—[French Official Photograph.]

"Rotten Landing!"

As a case in point, there is a story which is firmly believed in the R.A.F. About a year ago, General Brancker, who is a most persistent cross-country flier, was going up North on his favourite old Armstrong-Whitworth biplane, when he landed at a Midland training aerodrome, where a number of similar machines were in use. It so happened that his landing was not quite perfect—even the best of pilots make dud landings on occasion. So, as he taxied up to the sheds, an irate squadron-commander rushed out and shouted, "Rotten landing! Go up and do it again," thinking that it was one of his pupils. The General obediently opened out his engine, wheeled his machine round, got off, did a circuit, and with great care landed like a little bird. Then he rolled up to the sheds, climbed out, took off his flying kit, and disclosed himself with an amiable smile to the astonished squadron-commander as a General Officer. After which—the most probable part of the story—he agreed with the squadron-commander as to the advisability of practising good landings. The great thing is that the pilots themselves regard General Brancker as one of themselves—a practical aviator with active-service experience; so his appointment is bound to be popular.

General Ellington. General Ellington, who now takes over permanently the job of Controller-General of Equipment, which he has been doing temporarily while General Brancker has been in America, is a thoroughly sound Staff Officer of the best Old Army type. He was on General Henderson's staff in the earliest days of the Royal Flying Corps; and those who remember all the good work which he did in the old days, and, in fact, right through the whole existence of the R.F.C., will rejoice that he now occupies one of the most important posts in the scheme of the Royal Air Force.



C.F.H.

BLACKPOOL

The Nations Tonic

YOU cannot fight or work without good health. It is the duty of those who stay at home to at least keep well. A holiday by the sea is imperative in these most difficult of days. Go to Blackpool. It is *the place* in the Autumn. Warm—bracing—health-giving air. It is safe. It offers to the tired man or woman quiet, happy, comfortable surroundings. Every form of good entertainment. Absolutely perfect sanitation. Good food and plenty of it. Golf on fine courses. Excellent accommodation at reasonable prices. In fact, Everything you could wish is near to you now at Blackpool—The Nation's Tonic.

Write for Autumn Programme, post free from Advertising Manager, Town Hall, Blackpool.

NOTE.—The advertisements of the House are occasionally amusing, often instructive, and always truthful.



"Torpedoed"

"Rilette's" picture is still apropos of nothing—nothing of the present, for the present has nothing to offer. The future is the only hope for the world—hence the mind wanders.

POPE & BRADLEY
Sole Proprietor *H. Dennis Bradley*
Civil, Military & Naval Tailors.

THE BARNACLES OF TRADE.

By H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

BUSINESS men are more than a little weary of the steadily increasing battalions of the Bureaucrats and their increasing interference with trade. Their methods are not constructive, but obstructive.

The fatal objections to the Bureaucrats are their ignorance and their inability to grasp the very elements of the system upon which a business can alone become a commercial success, and an asset to the country.

The leading English businesses are patriotic in the highest degree, and are conducting their trade under the greatest difficulties in the best interests of the nation. The revenue of the country—which is one of the chief sinews of war—depends on commerce and on the efforts of the country's business men.

Who has got to foot Britain's colossal war bill?

Yet business men are frequently at the mercy of some under-official whose business education and ability are a negligible quantity—possessed of autocratic powers, perfunctory manners, and who can, and does, dictate to them at any time, how to run or mis-run their concern.

Throughout the war the House of Pope & Bradley has kept prices down by dealing in the best open market. It has achieved a record success, and by avoiding profiteering has enhanced its good name.

All it asks—and every business firm asks—is freedom from unnecessary restrictions and interference, and the freedom to deal in open markets, and not in controlled ones.

MUFTI.

Lounge Suits	from £7	7	0
Dinner Suits	10	10	0
Overcoats	6	6	0

SERVICE DRESS.

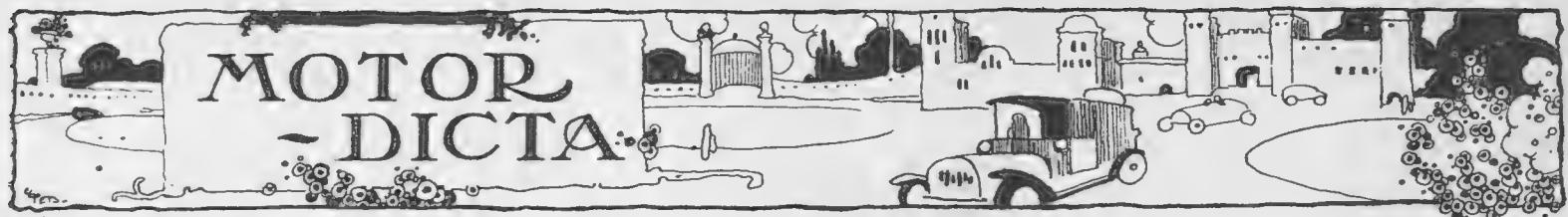
Service Jackets	... from £5	15	6
Slacks	2	12
Bedford Cord Breeches	... 4	4	0

(Buckskin Strappings extra.)

New Naval and Military Kit List will be forwarded upon application.

TWO ESTABLISHMENTS ONLY

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MOTORISTS AND THE COMING GENERAL ELECTION. BY GERALD BISS.

NOW that things are seriously heading up for a General Election in the not very distant future (the political prophets, venturesome in vaticination, plump for the Ides of November to see the rout of a ragged Rump), I hear that there will be quite a little bunch of motor candidates in the field, including even one well-known auto-stylographer before the war in Captain Gordon Aston, who is booked to fight North Paddington for the National Party. Good luck to him, as, be he providentially elected, then will we motor-quill-cattle have direct representation in the new Parliament, and someone to air our grievances against the wicked race of editors. None the less, a journalist with an assured income of £400 a year, paid quarterly by the State (less income-tax), runs grave risks at the hands of his erstwhile colleagues in these dilapidated days.

Would-Be Motor M.P.s.

Prominent amongst these politicians *in posse* stands out Mr. Mánville, head

of the great Daimler organisation, and chairman of many public bodies—motor and otherwise; and he, appropriately, stands for Coventry, the hub of automobildom, which, in less wild times of hothead agitation, should have been a walk-over for him. Leaving party politics out of it altogether, it will be Coventry's loss more than his if he be rejected. A great practical pioneer from the days of the Equine Age and the Red Flag (without a taxi tied on to its tail), Sir Herbert Austin, C.B.E., head of the well-known Company to which he has given his name, will stand for the King's Norton Division; and Mr. Wilfred Hill, another Coventry man, for Moseley. Mr. Arthur Brampton, of Brampton Brothers, is candidate for Deritend—a constituency in the neighbourhood of Birmingham; and Mr. A. R. Atkey, champion of the middleman's interests, and one of the most active spirits in the "M.T.A." contests Central Nottingham, where he has long been so prominent. Other names are rumoured, including a well-known motor-trader in the recent Honours List; but, so far, there are no further official additions to this roll of would-be motor M.P.s.

Business Men Needed in Parliament.

I had half-expected at one time that S. F. Edge would stand for Somewhere; but he writes me that politics at the present time has ceased to interest him as a personal proposition. In fact, I shrewdly opine that he, like my unworthy self and lots of other folk, is fed up with the whole decadent and effete business of jobbing and trimming; and, further, if he

should decide to take up the cheap-car scheme I referred to last week, his hands will be too full for side-shows and unsettling calls outside the exacting business on hand. Nevertheless, sick of politics as many are in these days, when it has long since ceased to be a pastime for gentlemen, and has become a profession for carpet-baggers, never was there

a time when clean, strong, straightforward, patriotic business men were more required in the House at the altruistic sacrifice of their own inclinations and personal businesses, regardless of past prejudices and party shibboleths. And, to return to my more immediate muttons, the direct representation of the "essential" industry of motoring was never so urgent or important with the paradoxical Luxury Tax impending, and the vast problem of reconstruction growing visibly nearer every day.

Wanted : A Motor Programme.

Moreover, apart from such direct representation, I feel strongly, as

I have hinted before, that this is the psychological moment in the history of motoring for the motor bodies to draw up a document to be presented to all candidates for signature, or at least an expression of opinion. Guarantees of proper treatment for this great modern movement, of fresh legislation, of less-hampered action, and of fairer incidence of taxation, are essential to the successful reconstruction of this essential

industry, which means so much to Labour in the matter of employment, apart from any question of national necessity, invested moneys, or individual ownership. The brief for automobilism could be drawn up in a short covering memorandum, and even a skeleton Motor-Car Bill could be drafted. It would be a fine piece of constructive work for the "A.A." with its accumulated funds—it would cost money, of course—and would establish it in an impregnable position for all time. I recommend it to this body in search of a substantial post-war programme. Anyhow, now is the critical moment for any such action.

It will be no use whatever in two or three years' time wringing our hands over the spilt milk of marred industry for lack of proper and pushful activity when opportunity offers; and we all know that Parliamentary candidates are wonderfully susceptible at their hour of zero. There is an extraordinarily strong logical case from every point of view, coupled with official confession of retardatory unfairness of treatment in the past; and a sufficiency of pledges would pave the way for concerted action at the earliest feasible moment.



SOMETHING TO HAUL! A FRENCH BIG GUN.
French Official Photograph.



DURING SPECIAL TRAINING: TANKS WITH INFANTRY IN SUPPORT.
Official Photograph.

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KEEP your stock of 'His Master's Voice' records up-to-date, so that you are always able to entertain your guests, as well as enjoy many pleasant hours yourself, with the finest music of the day sung and played by the original artists. The finest Audition Rooms in London and every Record in Stock. If you are unable to call—send for one of our catalogues—select whatever records you wish—and they will be sent to you through the post without delay.

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**MORRIS'S
Yellow Seal
Cigarettes**

for the experienced
and cultured smoker.

Every cigarette smoker who prides himself on being a judge, should try a box of these choice Virginia Cigarettes. They have that subtle touch of refinement, superiority and distinctiveness which stamps them immediately as the cigarette *I've been looking for.*

Estab. 1810.

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FOR
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B. MORRIS & SONS, Ltd., LONDON.

YELLOW SEAL
VIRGINIA CIGARETTES
Finest Leaf
Selected Grade

Charles Packer & Co Ltd.
GOLDSMITHS & SILVERSMITHS
MILITARY BADGE BROOCHES

15-ct. GOLD & ENAMEL.
all £2 2 0 each.

The West India Regiment.

All these Brooches are finely modelled in 15-ct. Gold.

The Royal Navy, With Gold or Silver Anchor, Also supplied with R.N.R. & R.N.V.

Illustrated Catalogue of Badge Brooches sent free on request.

The Royal Artillery. Also Collar Badge.

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Badge Brooch of any Regiment, post free.
£2 2 0 each
Money returned in full if not approved.

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Illustrations show actual size of Brooches.

Every pattern can be supplied from stock.

THE NEW MILITARY WATCH
Fine Quality Lever Movement.
One-Piece Screw-in Silver Case.

WITH UNBREAKABLE FRONT.
Luminous Hands and Figures.
The Ideal Watch for Active Service.

Transparent UNBREAKABLE FRONT.
No new glasses or protectors required.

White or Black dial
£3 15 0
Post free to any address.

76 & 78 RECENT STREET, LONDON, W.

**Dr Scholl's
Foot Comfort
Service**
FOR MEN AND WOMEN

When your arch gives way

Foot strain, due to prolonged standing, excessive walking, etc., may cause the arch to weaken, and result in Flat Foot. Then pressure is put upon the nerves, tendons, and muscles, and severe foot pain follows.

Sole impression of a Flat Foot.

**Dr Scholl's
Foot-Eazer**

holds the arch in its normal position, and thus brings immediate relief and assures permanent foot comfort. It makes walking a pleasure.

Light, springy and easy to wear. Can be worn in your usual size and style of shoe. Price 8/6 per pair.

Dr. Scholl's Scientific Appliances and Remedies correct all Foot Ailments.

Sole impression of a Normal Foot.

Foot supported by Dr. Scholl's Foot-Eazer.
THERE'S A SHOE DEALER IN YOUR DISTRICT WHO ADJUSTS AND FITS THEM according to DR. SCHOLL'S SCIENTIFIC METHOD.
Write for name of nearest expert agent, and a copy of Dr. Scholl's book, "The Feet and Their Care," free from THE SCHOLL MFG. CO., Ltd., 4, Giltspur Street, London, E.C.1.

watch your feet.



**What is
a Luxury?**

The big guns of the Luxury Taxers have already opened fire. Perhaps it would be more accurate to say they are busy range-finding.

Whether the shells ever really succeed in reaching their mark is something that Parliament will have to decide. Personally, I don't envy Parliament—at least, not the individual members of that august body, who will quite surely have to face a domestic crisis if they don't yield to reason (feminine reason) on the subject of when and how and where the Luxury Tax should begin; and—what is even more important—accept Eve's definition of what really and truly constitutes a luxury these days of war. Dress authorities are, quite frankly, rather sceptical about the whole subject. I've heard some of them declare that, if the money is to be raised at all, it would be far better to tax the profits of the dress houses at a higher rate, leaving owners to settle matters between themselves and their *clientèle*. Meantime, the fashionable world is not worrying at all over the prospect of an attack that may never develop on a serious scale. If anyone is "rattled," it is the woman who habitually runs on long credit. If the Luxury Tax does become something more than a suggestion, "credit-eers" will have to change their ways to the extent of paying cash down for the amount of the tax figure. Retailers are long-suffering beings, but not quite long-suffering enough to pay to Government dues that should by rights be paid by their clients.



Decca
Black and white serves a smart as well as a practical purpose. Though primarily intended as a tea-gown, this frock would do equally well for restaurant wear.

of the national representatives deciding against her, she will be induced to change her ways. His dream of a nation of women dowdy to order is something which the advocate of utility is never likely to see realised.

**Tea-Gown
Triumphs.**

The tea-gown has of late years played a rather specially important rôle in the feminine wardrobe. The stage bedroom-scene started it on its career of popularity. The latest tea-gowns show a riot of joyful colour that is certain to appeal to every woman. If war-time conditions and the work they entail do necessitate an adherence to sober tints during daylight hours, that is no reason for carrying matters to extremes—represented in this case by bedroom and boudoir.

**Where to
Look.**

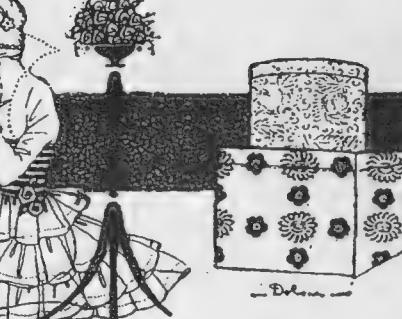
The woman who really wants to study the varied beauty and merits of the tea-gown of autumn 1918 should go to the salons of Marshall and Snelgrove in Oxford Street, W., where Dolores sketched the examples shown to-day. That they are lovely hardly needs emphasising, the name of the firm being a guarantee in itself. That they will appeal to women is equally certain—the number whose reputation for smartness is made in the salons of the Oxford Street house grows always greater.

**Not Really
Difficult.**

There are people who complain of the difficulty of "looking nice." One solution of the problem, if it really is a problem, quite certainly lies in lightish-purple panne cunningly made without fastenings, and in such a way that the V-shaped décolletage, outlined with skunk, slips easily over the head, the back panel being cut long to form

Bright sky-blue satin beauty is made even more beautiful by the addition of blue-and-silver brocade, and silver fringe and cords.

one of the trains that appear on almost every gown made for wearing in the evening, more especially for the evening that is spent at home. The title "tunic" covers a multitude of things, amongst them an ingenious contrivance of black satin that forms a cape-like panel at the back of a gown of soft black satin, and a rather short pointed tunic in front. Underneath there is a sheath-like under-dress, the white-edged top of which is visible above the low-cut tunic neck—the same tunic, by the way, being lined and bound with white satin just to keep it from being too sober. The same gown, as well as the model described before it, can be had in various colours, so that their universal usefulness must be plain to the meanest intelligence. A tea-frock in deep sapphire charmeuse allied with a corsage of blue-and-gold chiffon brocade is the kind of thing that any woman might be forgiven for wanting; and another robe in bright sky-blue satin beauty enriched with silvered chiffon and fringe comes under the same category. Copper-beech chiffon velvet allied with skunk makes a tea-gown that would make the lowest spirits soar to undreamed heights of cheerfulness; and, though it is not possible to give a full account of them here, dressing-gowns of all kinds, including some delightful examples in Zenana silk, find a place in the Oxford Street salons.





A Gift from Home!

Now they will have musical entertainment at their command any hour of the day, whenever opportunity offers. For they have a "Decca" Gramophone.

The "Decca" is light, compact and portable; it is self-contained, no case is required, and there are no loose parts to get lost. When moving it will go in the mess-box and not worry anyone. Immediately opened it is ready to play all makes and sizes of needle records.

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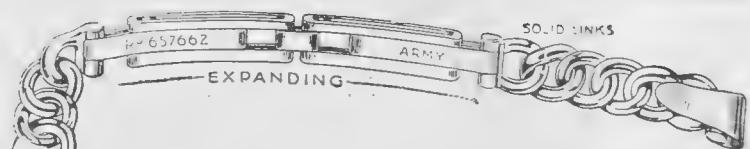
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The "Land & Water" Wrist-Watch is dust and damp proof. The movement is fully jewelled and fitted with Micrometer Regulators, which give fine adjustment, by means of which it can be regulated never to lose or gain more than 4 seconds per day. Each watch is adjusted and compensated for all positions and temperatures, and is guaranteed to stand all the shocks, jars, and strains to which a wrist watch is subjected under the severest conditions. By far the best watch for men in the Naval, Military, or Air Services.

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White dial, £7 0 0 White dial, £8 5 0
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What the Wife Knows. The serious illness of the German

A charming and novel chapeau, of black satin and Oriental silk, with a black osprey.

Empress is considered of no importance whatever in Germany. Yet she has done her best for that country, and shown herself anti-English and anti-American, and everything that a Teuton woman of exalted position should be. She has even shown all honour to her spouse, who must be a difficult person to honour in the bosom of his family. A man, it is said, fearing assassination, who in his own capital is seldom without strong military

guards inside and outside the house, can hardly be regarded as an ideal husband and Emperor. If no one else knows him, be sure the Empress does. He worried his mother in every way he could; and now he is still blatant, only because hundreds of thousands of men and guns stand between his person and harm. Napoleon was a brave man largely because he believed in himself as the man of Destiny; but William Hchenzollern believes in the force with which he surrounds himself. When that is broken, the whole world will know him as his wife has known him this many a year.

Crème de la Mer. The most toothsome delicacy of our war-time menu is, perhaps, Obayo Sardines. In days of peace and plenty, other countries knew, perhaps, more of the excellence of these little fishes than we did. Now their market is, luckily for us, here. They are real sardines, and only the finest of each catch are reserved for packing in the pure oil exclusively used for the Obayo fish, imported by Field and Co. (F. M.), 40, King William Street, E.C.4. By their tins we can know them, for these are attractive through their blue-and-gold labels. We have all learned the nourishing and sustaining qualities of sardines, and these are especially excellent in these ways. Most of us know to how many culinary uses they may be put. They give a delicious flavour to savouries; sardines scraped and pounded are an invaluable element in fish sauces; as sandwiches we have long appreciated them, and mingled with fresh tomato, they leave nothing to be desired. A few of these Obayo sardines in a salad make it just twice as enjoyable as the

(Continued overleaf.)

—and finally

Just the little more that means so much—a little Pomeroy Day Cream, the exquisitely fragrant toilet cream with its subtle perfume and refreshing coolness. After the vitiated atmosphere of the crowded theatre, the long train journey, how delightfully the complexion is restored, and the face, hands and arms cooled and left clean, clear and healthy by just a little touch of

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"CLYDELLA" will give you every satisfaction, for it will stand any amount of hard wear, is quite unshrinkable, and obtainable in a variety of designs suitable for all purposes.

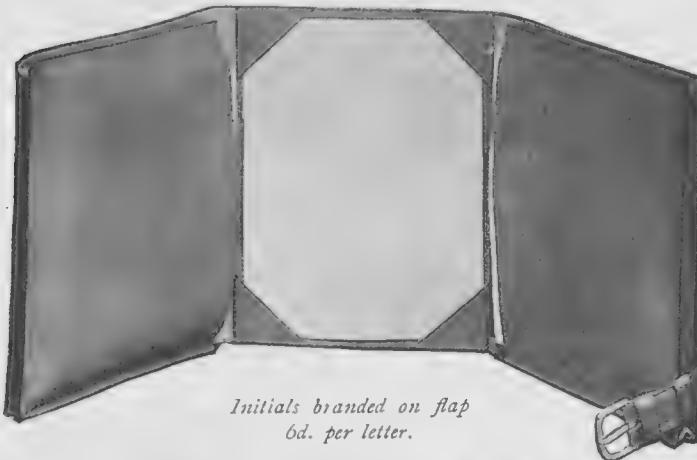
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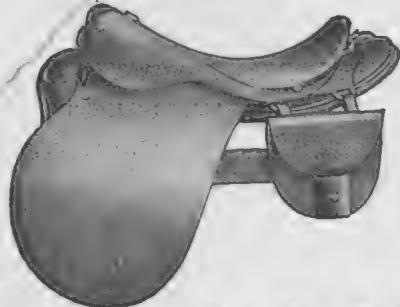
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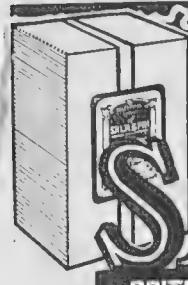
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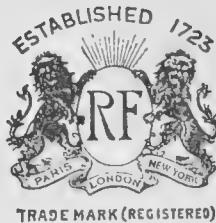
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Thrilling Episodes such as this

would be lost to the World were it not for the ever-ready Waterman's Ideal which, while the incident is yet fresh in the memory, commits it to paper for the benefit of those at home. This, in itself, is reason enough why everyone on Active Service should be equipped with a

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L. G. SLOAN, Ltd.
The Pen Corner

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Continued.
plain lettuce, cress, etc. They really are the Crème de la Mer !

Beloved Frocks. Does it ever strike you as you walk along our crowded streets, that a large proportion of our women-kind appear to be attired as suitably for sleeping as for walking? Frocks loose from the shoulders, without form, but certainly not void, are very general. There is nothing at all to be said in their favour, save that they are comfortable, and easily made. Men hate them!

When war-time women were warned about dress

They turned to loose garments most easy to wear; In these they felt comfy, but, nevertheless,

Their clumsiness caused all the men-kind to swear!

There are, of course, loose and comfortable garments against which no charge of clumsiness can be made. Such are to be found in much variety at Debenham and Freebody's, and at moderate cost, too. They owe their grace of outline to being beautifully cut and made, and their beauty of falling fold to the excellence of the fabrics used. As in peace time, so in war time do we know the real values of the best-made clothes. Only on them are good investments made, for only they are beloved of their wearers!

Memory's Bridge. There is a great deal to be said for preserving the elegancies of life when war is turning all its horrors full upon us. Perhaps what can most truly be urged is that at no other time are they so keenly appreciated. When the fighting man goes back from leave to his grim job, a delightful spot in his memory is the time spent with a dainty wife, mother, or sweetheart, in a pretty boudoir with a gentle breeze scented with a breath of Morny Frères' (201, Regent Street) latest delightful perfume, "June Roses." There are few things so reminiscent as perfume: a whiff of it conjures up many a lovely



A most picturesque outdoor wrap; made of black satin, with white satin collar, not to mention silver embroidery, it gives its wearer a chic as well as romantic appearance.

moment to a man or a woman when far away from its real association. This is the reason, perhaps, why women so often give a man going to battle, or to watch, a bottle or two of their favourite Morny scent, and some of the soap and bath salts to match. They feel that absence so scented does make the heart grow fonder; also it makes separation more bearable by delightfully bridging it in memory.

Blackberrying. There is really to be a great blackberry harvest; but there is little truth in statements that blackberrying is to be a smart pursuit, and that picturesque equipment for it is being eagerly sought.

The lady of fashion could hardly protect herself from scratches by the brambles that jealously guard the berries. No gloves in which she could pull off the fruit, without crushing and spoiling it, would save her fair hands from stain. Also it is rather strenuous and necessitates trying attitudes. I think that the country pickers, the school-children, and the school-teachers will have little interference from the ladies of the manors. School pickers will not make their fortune at it, with remuneration at 2s. a stone for the children, and 3s. a cwt. for the teachers. I suppose, however, that they will count the holidays, their own eating, and the

healthy enjoyable outings as part of the reward. It will, I think, be the chief part, all things considered.

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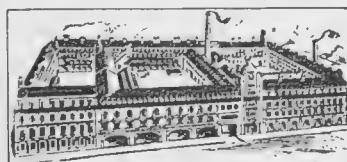
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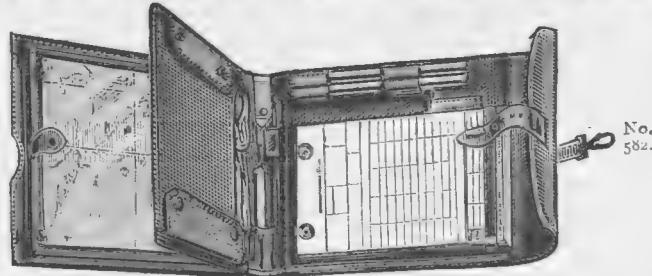
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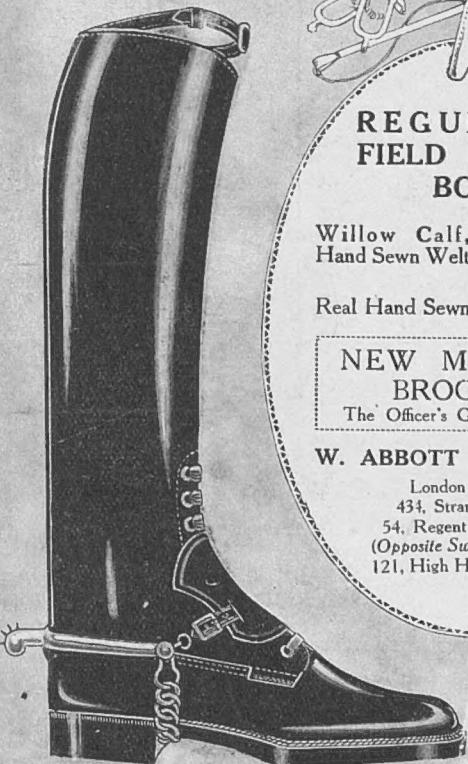
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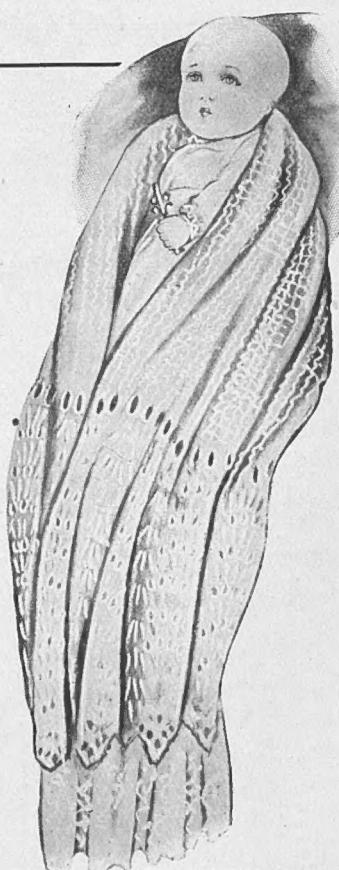


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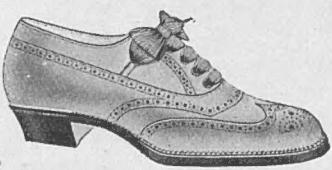
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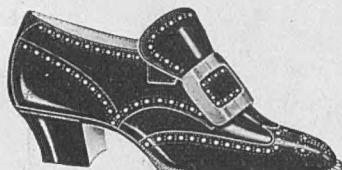
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DAINTY TEAFROCK, in good quality Crêpe-de-Chine, with crossover bodice and long sash finished with handsome coloured trimming, sleeves and collar finished with fringe.

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